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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

AUSTRALIA.

Journal of an Expedition into the Interior of Tropical Australia, &c. By Lieut.-Col. Sir T. L. Mitchell, Knt., Surveyor-General of New South Wales. 8vo. Pp. 437. Longmans. The fast-growing importance of Australia seems to render every new work concerning it of greater value; and no information can be of so much consequence as that which relates to the interior of the country. Its geographical features and capabilities; the obstacles opposed to the advance of colonization and civilization, and the means by which they may be lessened or removed; and the condition of the Aborigines, are all questions upon the understanding and solution of which depends the lingering or rapid settlement of this newest world. The welfare of the mother country is no less involved in the inquiry; for a commercial interchange of commodities to an immense extent, and the opening of emigration in the most beneficial form, relieving the over-burdened land on one side and carrying the much wanted supply of labour to the other, must result from the judicious determination of the course to be adopted under the circumstances brought into view.

The former experience and known abilities of Sir Thomas Mitchell vouch for the consideration due to any work from his pen; and government, intended emigrants, colonists, and the public at large, will do well to look carefully here at his discoveries and statements. They enlarge the bounds made out by Dr. Leichardt, and connect themselves with his expedition, science, and statistics. (See Review, *L. G.*, No. 1602. Oct. 2nd, 1847.) The narrative is much of the same nature, and day after day we read of the toils and perplexities which beset every step of progress—the rough chaotic ground to be cleared in order to pass on; the frequent want of water; the difficulty of keeping near the swampy or bush-encumbered banks of the rivers, or even tracing their course and direction; the conduct required in reference to the native tribes encountered on the way; and all the many other troubles of the route. In some places the Author seems almost to deplore the “spread” of the white man, as he thinks it must of necessity lead to the extinction of the natives, who, in these parts, are of a much finer race than we have been accustomed to deem them, from the accounts nearer the coast and our earliest stations.

“19th February.—We set off early, guided by our native friend. He was a very perfect specimen of the *genus homo*, and such as never is to be seen, except in the precincts of savage life, undegraded by any scale of graduated classes, and the countless bars these present to the free enjoyment of existence. His motions in walking were more graceful than can be imagined by any who have only seen those of the draped and shod animal. The deeply set yet flexible spine; the taper form of the limbs; the fulness yet perfect elasticity of the *glutei* muscles. The hollowness of the back, and symmetrical balance of the upper part of the torso, ornamented as it was, like a piece of fine carving, with raised scarifications most tastefully placed; such were some of the characteristics of this perfect ‘piece of work.’ Compared with it, the civilized animal, when considered merely in the light of a specimen in natural history, how inferior! In vain

Enlarged 115.

might we look amongst thousands of that class, for such teeth; such digestive powers; for such organs of sight, hearing, smelling, tasting, feeling; for such powers of running, climbing, or walking; for such full enjoyment of the limpid water, and of all that nature provides for her children of the woods. Such health and exemption from disease; such intensity of existence, in short, must be far beyond the enjoyments of civilised men, with all that art can do for them; and the proof of this is to be found in the failure of all attempts to persuade these free denizens of uncultivated earth to forsake it for the tilled ground. They prefer the land unbroken and free from the earliest curse pronounced against the first banished and first created man. The only kindness we could do for them, would be to let them and their wide range of territory alone; to act otherwise and profess good-will is but hypocrisy. We cannot occupy the land without producing a change, fully as great to the aborigines, as that which took place on man’s fall and expulsion from Eden. They have hitherto lived utterly ignorant of the necessity for wearing fig leaves, or the utility of ploughs; and in this blissful state of ignorance they would, no doubt, prefer to remain. We bring upon them the punishments due to original sin, even before they know the shame of nakedness. Such were the reflections suggested to my mind by the young savage as he tripped on lightly before me by the side of his two half-civilized brethren of our party, who, muffled up in clothes, presented a contrast by no means in favour of our pretensions to improve and benefit their race. Yet our faithful Yuranigh was all that could be wished. He was assiduously making to the stranger such explanations of our wants and purposes, as induced him to conduct us in the direction these required. He led us, thus admonished, over those parts of the country most favourable for the passage of wheels. The rosewood acacia was abundant, but many parts were covered with most luxuriant grass. We encamped on the edge of a salt-bush plain, where there was a small pond of water left by the last rains on a clay surface. There was certainly enough for ourselves and horses, but it appeared that our guide had greatly underrated the capacity for water, of our hundred bullocks. For these, however, there was superb grass to the westward, and a little dew fell on it during the night. Thermometer at sunrise, 59°; at noon, 102°; at 4 p.m., 104°; at 9, 77°;—with wet bulb, 65°.

“3rd May.—Natives were heard near our camp during the night, and we perceived the smoke of their fires, in the bushes behind, in the morning. Yuranigh went up to them accompanied by one of the party bearing a green branch, and he prevailed on three of their tribe to come to our tents. One stood amongst the carts and tents, apparently quite absorbed in observation. Intense curiosity in these men had evidently overcome all their fears of such strangers. They were entirely naked, and without any kind of ornament or weapon, offensive or defensive. With steady fixed looks, eyes wide open, and serious intelligent countenances, what passed in their minds was not disguised, as is usual with savages. On the contrary, there was a manly openness of countenance, and a look of good sense about them, which would have gained my full confidence, could we but have understood each other. They asked for nothing, nor did

they show any covetousness, although surrounded by articles, the smallest of which might have been of use to them. There must be an original vein of mind in these aboriginal men of the land. O that philosophy or philanthropy could but find it out and work it! Yuranigh plied them with all my questions, but to little purpose; for although he could understand their language, he complained that they did not answer him in it, but repeated, like parrots, whatever he said to them. In the same manner, they followed me with a very exact repetition of English words. He, however, gathered from them that the lake was called ‘Turānimga,’ this river ‘Cagoon,’ a hill to the eastward ‘Toolumbā,’ &c. They had never before seen white men, and behaved as properly as it was possible for men in their situation to do. At length we set out on our journey, and in mounting my horse, which seemed very much to astonish them, I made signs that we were going to the mountains.”

On first setting out, the expedition pursued Sir T. L. Mitchell’s old track, and their leader, as well as several of his followers, (some of whom, by the by, were selected from other convicts upon phrenological principles,) suffered severely from ophthalmia. The heat and heavy sands traversed were the cause of this malady, which was, however, relieved by the application of poultices and other remedies. A multitude of novel objects in natural history, and especially in botany, were acquired as they got within the tropical climate; and we are told, for example, “A very remarkable whiteness appeared on the leaves of the *Eucalyptus populifolius*, which on very close examination, appeared to be the work of an insect.” Upon this, Mr. Westwood, to whom the specimens were submitted, observes:

“I am sorry that the state of the specimens from Sir Thomas Mitchell (or rather, I should say, the time when they were gathered) does not allow me to say much about the insect by which they are formed. It is an extremely beautiful production, quite unlike anything I have yet seen, and is, I have no doubt, the scale of a coccus. It is of a very peculiar form, resembling a very delicate, broad and flattened valve of a bi-valve shell, such as the genus *Iridina*, the part where the hinge is being a little produced and raised, and forming the cover of the coccus which secretes the beautiful material just in the same unexplained way as the scale insects form the slender attenuated scales beneath which they are born. I could not discover any insect beneath the specimens of Sir Thomas Mitchell’s production in a state sufficient to determine what it really is, as I only found one or two exceedingly minute atoms of shrivelled up insects. It is extremely brittle, and looks more like dried, white, frothed sugar than anything else.”

A little further on:

“On passing through a *Casuarina* scrub, we entered upon a different kind of country as to wood and grass, the soil being much the same, or still more loose and sandy. The surface bore a sterile heathy appearance, and the trees consisted chiefly of a stunted box, growing but thinly. Instead of grass, black, half-burnt roots of a wiry plant appeared, which I afterwards found in flower (see *infra*), and one small, shrubby, brown bush, very much resembling heath; apparently a *Chenopod* with heathlike leaves, and globular hairy heads of flowers. The

roots of the first-mentioned plant presented much obstruction to our cart-wheels in passing over the soft sand. As I stood awaiting the cart's arrival, some birds drew my attention, as I perceived I had attracted theirs. They descended to the lowest branches of the tree in whose shade I stood, and seemed to regard my horse with curiosity. On my imitating their chirp, one fluttered down, and attempted to alight on my horse's ears. On my whistling to them, one whistled some beautifully varied notes, as soft as those of an octave flute, although their common chirp was harsh and dissonant. The male and female seemed to have very different plumage, especially about the head; that on the one having the varying tint of the Rifle bird, the head of the other more resembling in colour, that of the *Duculo giganteus*. They were about the size of a thrush, and seemed the sole residents of that particular spot, and I had not seen them elsewhere. The carts came slowly forward, the horses being much distressed. I continued to ride some miles ahead, and passed through a scrub in a clay hollow, to which succeeded another open forest country with more of the soft red sand. The people with the cart could not overtake me, and I returned. Meeting them at a rather bad place, I determined to encamp at some patches of grassy ground somewhat out of our line, in latitude, $27^{\circ} 43' S$. It is remarkable that, according to the barometer, we had not ascended higher than our depot camp on the river, at a distance of nearly forty miles from it. I had just quitted my horse's back, and had resolved to return, when two horsemen were seen approaching along our track. They were two of our party come from the depot to bring me a despatch, which had been forwarded by Commissioner Wright, communicating the news of Dr. Leichardt's return from Port Essington, and enclosing the Gazette with his own account of his journey. Thus it became known to us that we could no longer hope to be the first to reach the shores of the Indian Ocean by land. Thermometer, at sunrise, 62° ; at 4 P.M., 93° ; at 9, 71° ;—with wet bulb, 64° .

"19th April.—I left the men with the cart, to follow while I rode forward along its track, and sat down to peruse the newspapers sent me, until the cart overtook me in the evening, the horses being quite exhausted by the heat and the heavy sand. Thermometer, at sunrise, 61° ; at noon, 86° ; at 9, 63° ;—with wet bulb, 59° ."

This is a fair example of the Journal; from which we proceed to extract some other passages which convey intelligence of a various and interesting kind.

"4th May.—An Australian morning is always charming—amid these scenes of primeval nature it seemed exquisitely so. The *Barita* or *Gymnorhina*, the organ-magpie, was here represented by a much smaller bird, whose notes, resembling the softest breathings of a flute, were the only sounds that met the ear. What the stillness of even adds to such sounds in other climes, is felt more intensely in the stillness of morning in this. 'The rapture of repose that's there,' gratifies every sense; the perfume of the shrubs, of those even that have recently been burnt, and the tints and tones of the landscape, accord with the soft sounds. The light red tints of the *Anthistria*, the brilliant green of the *Mimosa*, the white stems of the *Eucalyptus*, and the deep grey shadows of early morning, still slumbering about the woods, are blended and contrasted in the most pleasing harmony. The forms in the soft landscape are equally fine, from the wild fantastic tufting of the *Eucalyptus*, and its delicate willow-like ever-drooping leaf, to the prostrate trunks of ancient trees,—the mighty ruins of the vegetable world. Instead of autumnal tints, there is a perpetual blending of the richest hues of autumn with the most brilliant verdure of spring; while the sun's welcome rays in a winter morning, and the cool

breath of the woods in a summer morning, are equally grateful concomitants of such scenes. These attach even the savage to his woods, and might well reclaim the man of crime from thoughts likely to disturb the harmony of human existence."

When the party had penetrated to a mountain range, we find a very different country described:

"8th May.—This morning Fahrenheit's thermometer stood at 21° in my tent, a degree of cold I should never have expected to have seen indicated from my own sensations, or from the state of the pond, which was not frozen, neither was there any hoar frost. The sun rose in splendour; pigeons cooed, and birds were as merry as usual in the woods. The business of the day was most exciting; I was to ride over the fine open country to the westward of Mount Abundance, and there look still for a higher branch of the river, or a river; confident that so fine a region could not be deficient in water, but more confident from what I had seen of the range to which we had approached so near. Riding to the N.N.E. in about two hours we came upon the identical river we had so long followed up. It was accompanied, as usual, by the *Acacia pendula*; had its rounded bergs; reedy water holes; and an open strip along the left bank. Crossing it I rode over towards an elevated part of the open downs, in hopes to obtain a sight of what the country was beyond, but I found that to be impossible, as it seemed boundless. So, turning, I ascended an elevated north-eastern extremity of Mount Abundance, and from it beheld the finest country I had ever seen in a primeval state. A campaign region, spotted with wood, stretching as far as human vision, or even the telescope, could reach. It was intersected by river lines from the north, distinguishable by columns of smoke. A noble mountain mass arose in the midst of that fine country, and was so elongated in a S.W. and N.E. direction, as to deserve the name of a range.

"A three-topped hill appeared far to the north of the above, and to the S.E. of the first described, another mass, also isolated, overlooking that variegated land of wood and plain. To the S.E. of all these, the peaks of a very distant range were just visible. I determined to name the whole country Fitzroy Downs, and to identify it, I gave the name of the Grafton Range to the fine mass in the midst of it. In hopes of obtaining an elevated view over the country to the westward, I endeavoured to ascend the northern summit of Mount Abundance, but although the surface to near the top was tolerably smooth, and the bush open, I was met there by rugged rocks, and a scrub of thorny bushes so formidable as to tear leathern overalls, and even my nose. After various attempts, I found I was working round a rocky hollow, somewhat resembling a crater, although the rock did not appear to be volcanic. The trees and bushes there were different from others in the immediate vicinity, and, to me, seemed chiefly new. It is, indeed, rather a curious circumstance, but by no means uncommon, that the vegetation on such isolated summits in Australia, is peculiar and different from that of the country around them. Trees of a very droll form chiefly drew my attention here. The trunk bulged out in the middle like a barrel, to nearly twice the diameter at the ground, or of that at the first springing of the branches above. These were small in proportion to their great girth, and the whole tree looked very odd. These trees were all so alike in general form that I was convinced this was their character, and not a *lusus nature*."

A drawing affords a good idea of this odd-looking production, like a balloon with an umbrageous tree growing out of it. By the beginning of August this mountain region had been examined in many directions, and important results ascertained. To these we shall turn in our next No.

NEW POEM.

King Arthur. By the Author of "The New Timon." Part I. H. Colburn.

THE commencement of a poem, containing four books and promising more, is such a novelty that, even independently of the claim of the Author of *The New Timon* to early notice, we would address ourselves without delay to the despatch of review. *King Arthur* is a combination of the old troubadour subject and song, with the mythological and classic, both in treatment and imagery. It is fine in the descriptive, and musical, though occasionally somewhat unwieldy in its structure and versification. The story with all its supernatural agency and fairy feats, is interesting; and such parts as the Armida-like love of Ægle and the chase of Arthur with bloodhounds, especially poetical and animated.

It opens with a festival in the Vale of Carduel, where Arthur and his gay and chivalrous court are assembled for a holiday, which is interrupted by a spectral vision, and the Cwmri king, after an interview with the enchanter Merlin, sent upon his travels like a hero of ancient, or a knight-errant of later, times. Lancelot of the Lake is subsequently made to follow him, and their adventures are the theme of the lay, which thus begins:

"Our land's first legends, love and knightly deeds,
And wondrous Merlin, and his wandering King,
The triple labour, and the glorious meeds
Won from the world of Fable-land, I sing;
Go forth, O Song, amidst the banks of old,
And glide translucent o'er the sands of gold."

Now is the time when, after sparkling showers,
Her starry wreaths the virgin jasmine weaves;
Now lure the bee wild thyme and sunny hours;
And light wings rustle thro' the gliding leaves;
Music in every bough; on mead and lawn
May lift her fragrant altars to the dawn."

Now life, with every moment, seems to start
In air, in wave, on earth,—above, below;
And o'er her new-born children, Nature's heart
Heaves with the gladness mothers only know.
On poet times the month of poets choose—
May deck'd the world, and Arthur fill'd the throne:

Hard by a stream, amidst a pleasant vale
King Arthur held his careless holiday:—
The stream was blithe with many a silken sail,
The vale with many a proud pavilion gay;
While Cymri's dragon, from the Roman's aid,
Spread with calm wing o'er Carduel's domes of gold."

The events we have briefly stated are circumstantially described with poetical adornments, and Arthur, with his magic dove and other helps, at length arrives at the court of the Vandal King, where he is sore beset by treacherous and inimical designs. The monarch is painted in a style curiously resembling something of our own day:

"A distant kinsman, Ludovick his name,
Reign'd in their stead, a king of sage repute;
Not that in youth he sow'd the seeds of fame
When tree he planted, what he ask'd was—fruit.
War storm'd the state, and civil discord rent,
He shunn'd the tempest till its wrath was spent."

Safe in sequester lands he pass'd his prime;
But mused not vainly on the strife afar:
Return'd, he watch'd—the husbandman of time—
The second harvest of rebellious war;
Cajoled the *Edelings*, fix'd the fickle *Gau*,
And to the *Lente* promised equal law."

The moment came, disorder split the realm;
Too stern the ruler, or too feebly stern;
The supple kinsman alided to the helm,
And trimm'd the rudder with a dexterous turn;
A turn so dexterous, that it served to fling
Both overboard—the people and the king."

The captain's post repaid the pilot's task,
He seized the ship as he had cleared the prow;
Drop we the metaphor as he the mask:
And, while his gaping Vaudals wondered how,
Behold the patriot to the despot grown,
Fitch'd from the fight, and juggled to the throne!"

"The *Edelings* were the nobles of the Teutonic races; the *Gow* or *Gau*, the district composed of the union of clans (*Marcha*), which had its own independent administration, and chose its parliament of delegates (called *Graven*); and the *Liti* (whence the modern German word, *Leute*) were the subject population."

His prime minister and adviser is another striking and perhaps not inapplicable portrait. The king has plotted to get his son wed to a sister of Arthur's, with a view to a royal succession, but the scheme is put aside by the latter in a *Beppoish* verse, and we are told:

"With brow deject, the mournful Vandal took
Occasion prompt to leave his royal guest,
And sought a friend who served him, as a book
Read in our illness, in our health dismiss;
For seldom did the Vandal condescend
To that poor drudge which monarchs call a friend!

And yet Astutus was a man of worth
Before the brain had reasoned out the heart;
But now he learned to look upon the earth
As peddling hucksters look upon the mart;
Took souls for wares, and conscience for a till;
And damn'd his fame to save his master's will,
Much lore he had in men, and states, and things,
And kept his memory mapp'd in prim precision,
With histories, laws, and pedigrees of kings,
And moral saws, which ran through each division,
All neatly coloured with appropriate hue—
The histories black, the morals heavenly blue!

But state-craft, mainly, was his pride and boast;
The golden medium was his guiding star;
Which means 'move on until you're uppermost,
And then things can't be better than they are!'
Brief, in two rules he summ'd the ends of man—
'Keep all you have, and try for all you can!'

This is lively and spirited; and pithy lines and couplets mark the poet's progress. For example:

"Fate breathes, and kingdoms wither at the breath;
But kings are deathless, kingly if the death!"
"There lie, who yet in Fable's deathless page
Reigns, compass'd with the ring of pleasing dread,
Which the true wisard, whether bard or sage,
Draws round him living, and commands when dead."
"But one rude maxim Saxon bluntly knows—
We serve our friends, who are not friends are foes!"
"Dumb sate the Vandal, dumb with fear and shame,
No slave to virtue, but its shade was he;
A tower of strength is in an honest name—
'Tis wise to seem what oft 'tis dull to be!"

Arthur evades the net spread for him, and mounting his steed flies from his false Vandal host. He is endangered by a fanatic assassin and a tremendous wolf, but escapes from both.

"For, all unconscious of the double foe,
Paused Arthur, where his resting-place, the dove
Seem'd to select,—his couch a mound below;
A bowing beech his canopy above:
From his worn steed, the barbed mail released,
And left it, reinless, to his herbage-foat.
Then from his brow the mighty helm unbraced,
And from his breast the trophied arms he placed;
And, ere to rest the weary limbs bestow'd,
Thrice sign'd the cross the fiends of night to scare,
And guarded helpless sleep with potent prayer.
Then on the moss-grown couch he laid him down,
Fearless of night and hopeful for the morn:
On Sleep's soft lap the head without a crown
Forgot the gilded trouble it had worn;
Slumber'd the king—the browsing charger stray'd—
The dove, unslipping, watch'd amidst the shade."

Immediately after the *dénouement* of this peril, the bloodhound chase, to which we have alluded, takes place, and is admirably described; but we rather pass to another instance in the *Beppo* style, and referring to a deep archaeological inquiry. An Etrurian soothsayer (for thither has Arthur sped) asks the Cwmrian about his language and descent, and

"'Grave sir,' quoth Arthur, piteously perplexed,
'Or much—forgive me, hath my hearing err'd,
Or of that People quoted in thy text,
(Perish'd long since)—but dimly have I heard:
Phœnicians! True, that name is found within
Our scrolls—they come to XYS-XEN for tin!
'As for my race, our later bards declare—
It springs from Brut, the famous Knight of Troy;
But if Sir Hector spoke in Welsh, I ne'er
Could clearly learn—meanwhile, I hear with joy
My native language (pardon my remark)
Much as Noah spoke it when he left the ark."

"Ynyw-wen—England, 'the White Island.'"
"Sir F. Palgrave bids us remark that TALIESIN,
who was a contemporary of Arthur, or nearly so, addresses
his countrymen as the remnant of Troy."—*Palgrave's
Commonwealth*, vol. I. c. x. p. 323. The Britons no doubt
received that legend with many others, to which Welsh
scholars have too fondly assigned a more remote antiquity,
from the Romans."

'More would my pleasure be increased to know
That that fair lady has your own precision
In the dear music which, so long ago,

We taught—observe, not learn'd from—the Phœnician.
'Speak as you ought to speak the maiden can;
O guttural-grumbling and disowell'd man."

Replied the priest, 'But, ere I yet disclose
The bliss that Northia singles for your lot
Fain would I learn what change the gods impose
On the old races and their sceptres!—what
The latest news from RASNA?—With shame
I own, grave sir, I never heard that name!"
The Augur stood aghast!"

The fair lady here alluded to is *Ægle*, and Arthur's amour with her the most beautiful portion of the poem. We quote a few passages, and await the writer's resumption of his romantic tale. The Augur speaks, and the dialogue again proceeds:

"'It right my reason gleams
From dismal harvests, and discerns the end
To which the Beautiful and Wise have come,
Hard are the fates beyond our Alpine home:

'What makes, without, the chief pursuit of life?
'War,' said the Cymrian, with a mournful sigh:
'The fierce provoke, the free resist, the strife,
The daring perish and the dastard fly:
Amidst a storm we snatch our troubled breath,
And life is one grim battle-field of death.'

'Then here, O stranger, find at last repose!
Here, never smites the thunder-blast of war:
Here all unknown the very name of foes;
Here, but with yielding earth men's contests are;
Our trophies—flower and olive, corn and wine—
Accept a sceptre, be this kingdom thine!

'Our queen, the virgin who hath charm'd thine eyes—
Our laws her spouse, in whom the gods shall send,
Decree; the gods have sent thee;—what the skies
Allot, receive:—Here, shall thy wanderings end,
Here thy woes cease, and life's voluptuous day
Glide, like yon river through our flowers, away.'

'Kind sir,' said Arthur, gratefully,—such lot
Indeed were fair beyond what dreams display;
But earth has duties which—'Relate them not!'
Exclaimed the Augur,—or at least delay,
Till better known the kingdom and the bride,
Then youth, and sense, and nature, shall decide."

With that, the Augur, much too wise as yet
To hint compulsion, and secure from flight,
Arose, resolved each scruple to beset
With all which melteth duty in delight—
Here, for awhile, we leave the tempted king,
And turn to him who owns the chrystal ring."

Id est Lancelot. But a morsel of his early history, as he relates it, is too touching to be omitted:

"My sire and mother, by the lawless might
Of a fierce foe expelled, and forced to flee
From the fair halls of BRETONE, paused to take
Breath for new woes, beside a Fairy's lake.

'With them was I, their new-born helpless heir,—
The hunted exiles gazed afar on home,
And saw the giant fires that dyed the air;
Like blood, spring wreathing round the crushing dome.
They clung, they gazed—no word by either spoken;
And in that hush the sterner heart was broken.

'The woman felt the cold hand fall her own;
The head that lean'd fell heavy on the sod;
She knelt—she kiss'd the lips—the breath was flown!
She call'd upon a soul that was with God:
For the first time the wife's sweet power was o'er—
She who had soothed till then could soothe no more!

But we must adhere to his sovereign in the Garden of Delight:

"We turn once more to *Ægle* and her guest.
Lo! the sweet valley in the flush of eve!
Lo! side by side, where through the rose-arcade,
Steals the love-star, the hero and the maid

Silent they gaze into each other's eyes,
Stirring the inmost soul's unquiet sleep;
So pierce soft star-beams blending wave and skies,
Some holy fountain trembling to its deep!
Bright to each eye each human heart is bare,
And scarce a thought to start an angel there!

Love to the soul, whate'er the harsh may say,
Is as the hallowing Naid to the well—

"NORTHIA, the Etrurian Deity, which corresponds with the FORTUNE of the Romans, but probably with something more of the sterner attributes which the Greek and the Scandinavian gave to the FATES. I cannot but observe here on the similarity in sound and signification between the Etrurian Northia and the Scandinavian Norna. Norna with the last is the general term applied to Fate. The Etrurian name for the deities collectively—*ÆANS*, is not dissimilar to that given collectively to their deities by the Scandinavians—*viz. ÆSIR, or ASAS*."

The linking life between the forms of clay
And those ambrosia nurtures; from its spell
Fly earth's rank fogs, and Thought's ennobled flow
Shines with the shape that glides in light below.

Taste while ye may, O Beautiful, the brief
Fruit, life but once wins from the Beautiful;
Ripe to the sun it blooms from the leaf,
Hear not the blast that rises while ye cull;
Brief though it be, how few in after hours
Can say, 'at least the Beautiful was ours!"

Two loves (and both divine and pure) there are;
One by the roof-tree takes its root for ever,
Nor tempests rend, nor changeful seasons mar—
It clings the stronger for the storm's endeavour;
Beneath its shade the wayworn find their rest,
And in its boughs the calm bird builds its nest.

But one more frail, (in that more prized, perchance,)
Bends its rich blossoms over lonely streams
In the untrodden ways of wild Romance,
On earth's far confines, like the Tree of Dreams,
Few find the path, O bliss! O woe to find!
What bliss the blossom!—ah! what woe the wind!

Oh the short spring!—the eternal winter!—All
Branch,—stem all shattered; fragile as the bloom!
Yet this the love that charms us to recall;
Life's golden holiday before the tomb;
Yea! this the love which age again lives o'er,
And hears the loud heart beating youth once more!

Before them, at the distance, o'er the blue
Of the sweet waves which gird the rocky isle,
Flitted light shapes the inwoven alleys thro'
Remotely mellowed, musical the while,
Floated the hum of voices, and the sweet
Lutes chimed with timbrels to dim-glimmering feet.

The calm swan rested on the breathless glass
Of dreamy waters, and the snow-white steer
Near the opposing margin, motionless,
Stood, knee-deep, gazing wistful on its clear
And life-like shadow, shimmering deep and far,
Where on the lucid darkness fell the star."

"And when, at last, from *Ægle*'s lips, the voice
Came soft as murmur'd hymns at closing day,
The sweet sound seem'd the sweet air to rejoice—
To give the sole charm wanting,—to convey
The crowning music to the Musical;
As with the soul of love infusing all."

"Now, as night gently deepens round them, while
Oft to the moon upturn their happy eyes—
Still, hand in hand, they range the lulled isle,
Air knows no breeze, scarce sighing to their sighs;
No bird of night shrieks bode from drowsy trees,
Nought lives between them and the Pleiades;

Save where the moth strains to the moon its wing,
Deeming the Reachless near;—the prophet race
Of the cold stars forewarn'd them not; the Ring
Of great Orion, who for the embrace
Of Morn's sweet Maid had died,—look'd calm above
The last unconscious hours of human love.

Each astral influence unrevealing shone
O'er the dark web its solemn thread enwove;
Mars shot no anger from his fatal throne,
No beam spoke trouble in the House of Love;
Their closing path the treacherous smile illumed;
And the stern Star-kings kiss'd the brows they doom'd—
'Tis morn once more—"

Arthur is warned from his blessed dream of joy and love for *Ægle*, by a raven, which tells him that

"The Saxon march is on his father's soil."

Leaving his beloved is a terrible trial; but the duties of the patriot monarch outbalance the devotedness of the lover, and he even obtains the weeping *Ægle*'s consent to his departure:

"With violet buds, bright *Ægle*, in her bower
Knits the dark riches of her tresses hair;
Her heart springs eager to the counted hour
When to loved eyes 'tis glorious to be fair;
Gleams of a neck, proud as the swan's, escape
The light-spun tunic rounded to the shape."

Now from the locks the airy veil, dividing
Falls, and floats fragrant, from the violet crown.
What happy thought is in that breast presiding
Like some serene bird that settles down
(Its wanderings o'er) on calm summer even
Into its nest, amid the secret leaves!

What happy thought in those large tranquil eyes
Seems precent of the eternity of love?
The fixed content in conquered destinies
Which makes the being of the lives above,

"Aurora. The scholar will remember the beautiful
use Homer makes of this fable in the 5th Book of the
Odyssey. Calypso complaining 'that the Gods afflict most
their own race,' says—
'So when Aurora sought Orion's love,
Her joys disturbed your blissful hours above,
Till in Ortygia, Dian's winged dart
Had pierced the hapless hunter to the heart.'"

Pope.

Which from itself, as from the starred sphere,
Weaves round its own melodious atmosphere?

Who ever gazed on perfect happiness,

Nor felt it as the shadow cast from God?

It seems so still in its sublime excess.

So brings all heaven around its hush'd abode,

That in its very beauty awe has birth,

Dismay'd by too much glory for the earth.

Across the threshold now abruptly strode

Her youth's stern guardian. 'Child of BASENA,'

He said, 'the lover on thy youth bestowed

For the last time on earth thine eyes survey,

Unless thy power can chain the faithless breast,

And sated bliss deigns gracious to be blest.'

'Not so,' cried Arthur, as his loyal knee

Bent to the earth, and with the knightly truth

Of his right hand he clasped her own:—'to be

Thine evermore; youth mingled with thy youth,

Age with thine age; in thy grave mine; above

Spirit beside thy spirit; this the love

'God teacheth man to pray for! Oft thy smile

Shone o'er me, telling me of great Knighthood's vow,

Faith without stain, and honour without guile,

To guard. Sweet lady, trust to knighthood now!

Hurrying his words rush'd on; the threatened land,

The fates confided to the sceptred hand,

Here gathering woes, and there suspended toil;

And the stern warning from the distant seer.

'Thine be my people—thine this bleeding soil:

Queen of my realm, its groaning murmurs hear!

Then ask thyself, what manhood's choice should be;

Faith to my country, were I worthy thee?'

Dim through her struggling sense the light came slow,

Struck from those words of fire. Alas, poor child!

What, in thine isle of roses, shouldst thou know

Of earth's grave duties?—of that stormy wild

Of cure and carnage—the relentless strife

Of man with happiness, and soul with life?

Thou who hadst seen the sun but rise and set

O'er one Saturnian Arcady of rest,

Snatch'd from the Age of Iron? Ever, yet,

Dwells that high instinct in each nobler breast,

Which truth, like light, intuitive receives,

And what the Reason grasps not, Faith believes.

So in mute woe, one hand to his resign'd,

And one press'd firmly on her swelling heart,

Passive she heard, and in her labouring mind

Strove with the dark enigmas—'part!—to part!'

Till, having solved it by the beams that broke

From that clear soul on hers, struggling she spoke:—

'Trust—trust in thee!—but no, I will not weep!

What thou deem'st good is the sole good to me.

Let my heart break, before thy heart it keep

From aught, which lost, could give a pang to thee.

Thou speak'st of dread and terror, strife and woe;

And I might wonder why they tempt thee so;

'And I might ask how more can mortals please

The heavens, than thankful to enjoy the earth?

But through its mists my soul, though faintly, sees

Where thine sweeps on beyond this mountain girth,

And, awed and dazzled, bending I confess

Life may have holier ends than happiness!

'For something bright and high thyself without,

Thou makest thy heart an offering; so my heart

Could sacrifice to thee! Then wherefore doubt

There are to *thy* soul what to mine *thou* art?

She paused, and raised her earnest eyes above,

Bright with the trust devotion breathes in love.

Then, as she felt his tears upon her hand,

Earth call'd her back; o'er him her face she bow'd:

As when the silver gates of heaven expand,

And on the earth descends the melting cloud,

So sunk the spirit from sublimer air,

And all the woman rush'd on her despair.

'To lose thee—oh, to lose thee! To live on

And see the sun—not thee! Will the sun shine,

Will the birds sing, flowers bloom, when thou art gone?

Desolate, desolate! Thy right hand in mine,

Swear, by the Past, thou wilt return!—Oh, say,

Say it again!—voice died in sobs away!

Mute look'd the Augur, with his deathful eyes,

On the last anguish of their lock'd embrace.

'Priest,' cried the lover, 'canst thou deem this prize

Lost to any future?—No, tho' round the place

Yon Alps took life, with all your rites obey

Of demon legions, Love would force the way.

'Hear me, adored one! On the silent ear

The promise fell, and o'er the unconscious frame

Wound the protecting arm.—'Since neither fear

Of the great Powers thou dost blaspheming name,

Nor the soft impulse native in man's heart

Restraints thee, doom'd one—hasten to depart.

'Come, in thy treason merciful at least,

Come, while those eyes by Sleep the Pityer bound,

See not thy shadow pass from earth!—The priest

Spoke,—and now call'd the infant handmaids round;

But o'er that form with arms that vainly cling;

And words that idly comfort, kneels the King.

'Nay, nay, look up! It is these arms that fold;—

I still am here;—this hand, these tears are mine.'

Then, when they sought to loose her from his hold,

He waved them back with a fierce jealous sign;

O'er her hush'd breath his listening ear he bow'd,

And the awed children round him wept aloud.

But when the soul broke faint from its eclipse,

And his own name came, shaping life's first sigh,

His very heart seem'd breaking in the lips

Press'd to those faithful ones; then, tremblingly,

He rose;—he moved;—he paused;—his nerveless hand

Veil'd the dread agony of man unmann'd.

Thus, from the chamber, as an infant meek

The priest's weak arm led forth the mighty King;

In vain wide air came fresh upon his cheek,

Passive he went in his great sorrowing;

Hate, the mute guide,—the waves of death, the goal;—

So, following Hermes, glides to Styx a soul.'

GERMAN NOVEL.

Memoirs of Marie Von Arnheim. Written by
Herself. Pp. 313. Longmans.]

MISLED by the title, we fancied we were about to peruse another tale about Goethe and his young Love, and were agreeably disappointed to find that it was, at any rate, new matter. Marie Von Arnheim is a tragical female Jean Jacques Rousseau, who reveals all her wicked thoughts, and confesses all her evil deeds. She lays bare her inmost heart, and, with some redeeming qualities, it is rather a violent and hideous compound. Depraved in her earlier years, by being allowed by a fond unsuspecting father to read the demoralizing class of French novels, her story assumes a portentous and warning character. It teaches that out of such culture only vice can spring up, and the results in conduct must be false reasoning, want of principle, and consequent facility in change from extreme to extreme, inconstancy, the corruption of nature, and the commission of crime, even to the extent of bloodshed and murder. The inordinate affection for a brother, and the direct antipathy to, and hatred of, a (supposed) sister, together with an attachment to a noble lover, furnish the circumstances and passions for the story, which is wrought out with considerable force and unction. We offer the remarks on the dangerous consequences to be dreaded from permitting the young to infect their minds with the poisons of the modern French School of Fiction, some of the effects of which in that country may be traced at this day in the revolution we have just witnessed. We speak not of it politically, but of the shameful *griouettement* of a nation, which so long submitted servilely and flatteringly to what it has pronounced to be a selfish and odious despotism, and the moment it is thrown off hastens so enthusiastically to recant all, and proclaim yet more fervent zeal for a new order of things. This blowing hot and cold in the same breath—this worship of black or white with the same professions of devotedness, is a bad sign of a people, and an inconsistency, however produced, not very honourable to national character. Our remarks are, however, justly limited to the higher and middle orders, and cannot affect the proceedings of the oppressed and starving lower classes of the population. Let us hope that a freer constitution will lead to the cultivation of firmer principles and more noble manhood. But to Marie's reflections, and trace to our own:

"I wish not (she says) here to enter upon the subject of education at large; too much has been said and written upon it already; and this and that theory is taken up and applied indiscriminately to individual characters, when a careful study of the qualities of each, and an adaptation to their separate requirements, would do more good than any artificial plan taken at random from the most carefully devised treatise.

"Whether any other plan than that adopted by my father might have wrought out, so far as I was concerned, a different result, I can only conjecture; yet surely, O my father! you knew not what you did, when, without one word of caution, without a fixed principle, ignorant of

man's nature in general and still more ignorant of all which peculiarly marked my own, you left me to drift among the perilous shoals of metaphysical speculation, bewildered by the mists of a vague though fascinating scepticism. The false and dreamy but often poetical forms of a merely sentimental religion enchanted and lured me from those simple truths which might have guided and saved me,—and then left me to sink, and rise no more!"

The development of very strange feelings is a prominent feature in this book, but as we do not desire to injure its interest, involving fratricide and other terrible crimes and corresponding sufferings, we must be very concise in our illustrations. The jealousy of an ardent lover of the affections bestowed by a sister on her brother is not, perhaps, exaggerated in the following:

"Marie," he said, "you do not know how I feel; I have always been aware that your love for me was subordinate to a stronger feeling; you would not, I believe, forsake me for another lover, but your affection for Alfred has scarcely left room in your heart for the return of a passion ardent and devoted as mine, and which is rendered apprehensive by its very devotedness."

Human nature is often so touched, and the finest chords will vibrate to the motion. After the murder the issue is thus painted, and we conclude with it as a fair example of the writer's powers:

"As I opened the hall-door and stepped out, my soul became at once entranced into forgetfulness of everything by the scene which met my eye. Nature had always a peculiar power over me, and, strange as it may appear, I had never felt its sublime influence more strongly than at this terrible moment.

"A flood of moonlight bathed the surrounding landscape, showing with singular distinctness in the distance the picturesque range of the mountains of the Black Forest; whilst the valley separating them from us presented an appearance which I had rarely seen before, and never in the same perfection. It was a species of mirage formed by a dense mist, which rose out of, and as it were carpeted, the ground, giving to it the character of a beautiful and extensive lake. So perfect was the deception, that in the undulating ripple upon its magic surface one saw, or fancied one saw, distinctly the shadows of the tall poplars and waving pines which formed its boundaries. On one side lay the village as if in sleep, but the sound of joyous music floated towards us on the light and balmy breeze, and showed that happy hearts were still awake there.

"For a moment my bosom swelled with that intense rapture of existence known only in the fulness of youth, as I gazed upon this exquisite scene. It was but for one moment. In the next an icy hand seemed laid upon my bounding spirit—one dreadful word seemed whispered in my ear—I started, and passed onward. Presently I heard a step behind me; I turned and saw the little Agnes, her golden ringlets fluttering in the breeze, and her cherub face turned upwards as she gazed fixedly upon the moon. She looked so sweet, so innocent, so lovely, that in a passion of tenderness I threw my arms around her. Never before had she refused my embrace; now she struggled, broke away, and disappeared amongst the trees.

"What! I thought, 'is the brand of Cain already on my brow, or does the angel purity of infancy give instinctive warning at the approach of guilt? No, it cannot be—why should I think so? I am not a guilty one—not for myself have I done it. The title of murderess belongs not to me,' I said passionately; 'Charlotte Corday was no murderess, nor am I: I have but crushed a reptile, which would have poured its venom upon the souls of all I love; and oh how I love

them! I added as I saw my father slowly approaching.

"He stopped, and passing his arm around my waist, he gently turned me towards the moonlight: 'My child!' he said softly, with a thrilling tenderness which melted my very heart.

"I would have thrown myself upon his bosom—I would have died there; but something whispered, 'What! pollute thy father with a murderer's touch? Wretch, forbear!' I turned away and rushed from him, as if pursued by evil spirits. 'Am I mad?' I thought, 'or was there indeed a voice?' Again it whispered, 'The voice of God!' I had not gone far ere my dress was gently pulled: I started, and looking fearfully around, saw Agnes by my side.

"Marie," she said, and her childish voice had in it a tone of deep solemnity; "Marie, it was the good God who made all this!"

"I could not speak—I hurried on.

"Sister," she said again very gently, and I heard a low sob, 'are you angry with me? Why do you not speak to your own Agnes?'

"I raised the child in my arms, I pressed her in anguished tenderness to my breast, and kissed away the tears which were beginning to moisten her soft cheek.

"Agnes was only playing when she ran away from her darling Marie just now; I thought you were angry when you did not speak to me," whispered the sweet child, as we walked on by the river side.

"How long we may have continued here I know not, when Agnes began to shiver, and begged of me to go home, as she felt very cold. She had come out with her head uncovered, and in her light evening dress; and I had not observed, in the fever of my own thoughts, that the heavy dew had already saturated her hair and dress. I turned towards the house, and had nearly reached it, when all at once a succession of piercing shrieks and a violent ringing of bells resounded through the air. To my ear it seemed as if a thousand demons were let loose: my first impulse was to fly; the second and uncontrollable one led me to the room whence the screams, now subsiding into low moans, proceeded.

"I entered, and there upon her bed lay my sister—my victim! Her hair torn and disordered, her face convulsed, her limbs distorted—in all the agonies of death. By her side stood my father, striving to force some remedy between her clenched teeth, whilst my mother and nurse were rubbing her already cold and stiffening form to restore warmth.

"For a moment I stood there, stunned. As I have heard that in battle men have suddenly lost a limb, or received a vital wound, without a feeling of pain or consciousness, so was it with me, while the iron entered into my soul which was to sear it for ever."

We go no farther; our fair readers will take an interest in pursuing the narrative over six years to the end.

PLEASANT TOUR.

The Person, Pen, and Pencil. By the Rev. G. M. Musgrave, M.A., Vicar of Borden, Kent. 3 vols. R. Bentley.

It is a great publishing hit to hit upon a title so alliterative and attractive as this; but still more fortunate to discover behind it an author worthy of high public praise and favour, under any denomination. The Reverend Vicar of Borden is indeed a pleasant fellow, and we can conceive the Vicarage to be a very comfortable, social, agreeable, entertaining, intellectual, and instructive domicile. At least, the qualities to make it so shine out in these volumes; wherein the author relates the chief matters which struck him in an autumnal tour last year, to Paris, Tours and Rouen, together with a few memoranda on French farming. No doubt the track is common and the ground well trodden; but

there is so much noticed which has escaped, or not been thought worth notice by, preceding travellers, that the *dulce et utile* is the happy result of the entire combinations. Mr. Musgrave, accompanied by his Son, a youth of eighteen years, re-visited France, after having seen it in 1816 and 1820, and the contrast it furnishes are not the least amusing portions of his work. Throughout, except where he is graver on religion, or particular in his useful remarks on agricultural subjects, he is very lively and facetious; showing not only the gentleman well read in ancient and modern literature, but one who can readily and well apply his information to the topics which attract his attention wherever he goes and whatever he observes.

To give a few proofs of this we set off with him at score, and even on the hackneyed voyage across the Channel, find novelty of description and food for laughter. He describes his fellow passengers, and we separate one or two from the general group:

"Affairs soon began to wear a dismal aspect on deck also. The diplomatist's lady was swinging in her travelling-carriage, which blocked up the passage of communication fore and aft; screwing her courage to that sticking-place. Another carriage was lashed in the same position larboard, effectually spoiling my promenade from stem to stern, in which I rejoice on ship-board, especially against a head-wind. By a wheel of this barouche one delicate lady, of upwards of five-and-forty years of age, held on during the whole passage; her right hand grasping her son's; eyes closed, features rigid; feet rivetted, as it were, to the plank. It was a singular spectacle; a great experiment. It succeeded.

"Not so some twenty or thirty beyond her. What a scene! How soon the loud talking ceased! How stealthily the couples that had begun by nestling into quiet chat withdrew from further gossip. Where are those laughing eyes under the Leghorn bonnet and apricot-tinted ribbons? Alas! they are glaring without 'speculation' on the heaving waters; the pretty blue fringed parasol is broken, and 'The Traveller's Guide through Kent' lies uncut, unheeded at her feet. The very polite and communicative beau, her particular friend's brother, with that smart Joiville tie and Chesterfield Macintosh coat, who, only half an hour since, was pitying 'the landmen,' and proposing lunch, has succumbed to peculiar sensations, and grasps the gunwale with a sick man's clutch, deploring from his heart, that 'Nature,' as Ben Jonson saith, 'hath these vicissitudes, and makes no man a state of perpetuity.'"

They land at Boulogne, and the following are part of the reflections on the famous pillar there:

"If three alliterative words, in Caesar's style, might be substituted on the pedestal of the Bononian Column for the rapid braggadocio still extant, I know of none more appropriate than—

VENI, VIDI, VITAVI.

which, being translated and expounded, would intimate thus much:—

"I came hither for the purpose of effecting a landing with the army of France on the beach at Dover, or wherever our flotilla might effect a descent, and of forcing my way to London, there to establish a Republic and dethrone King George.

"I saw the British frigates in the offing, and the effect of their twenty-fours.

"I abandoned all my designs of invasion, and avoided all further contact with such ugly opponents."

"But (proceeds our author), we are now at the pier, and must fraternise with these long-bearded, mustachioed, indigo-dye-frocked natives, who are trooping along to greet us. Nova Scotia

may enjoy its joke of 'Blue Noses;' old Gaul comes before us with that of blue frock! 'Oh the blue bonnets over the border!' might be appropriately echoed by 'Oh the blue gaberdes over the water!' If they be all smiles and activity, they are also all small and blouse. I should say the whole collective multitude of French operatives (that's the modern term in vogue) are thus habited. Every class of artisan, in or out of the mill or manufactory, is invariably the wearer of this coloured frock: *item*, the farmer, vintner, butcher, fishmonger, greengrocer, carpenter, blacksmith, bricklayer, railway-labourer, engineer, stoker, coachman, ploughman, shepherd, baker, pastrycook, scavenger, tinker, water-carrier, &c. &c., and so I might run through the list of some hundred besides, habited in this uniform short slop, which is only varied in tint according to the alkali employed at the wash-tub or washing-barge, by the fair hands that beat and batter the soiled garment (*more Gallico*) into a state of azure cleanliness."

All Boulogne is described in a similar off-hand and entertaining style; and so is all the journey through Abbeville to Paris. Take, for example, a bit of the account of French hay-making:

"Before we reached the inn-yard at Bernay, we saw several hands getting in a hay-crop outside the village. The farmers do not stack this crop as we do. Having made the hay, the mowers gather the swaths into masses of about fourteen feet length by five in breadth, and five feet six inches in height. In about two or three days' time they thatch these, only to protect them until the farmer finds leisure to do what follows.* At the fitting opportunity he sends in one, or, if there be more than two acres' breadth, he sends two men into the field. In case the field be very near the farm premises, a waggon comes with them, loaded with inferior straw: this is taken out of the waggon, as it moves among the hay-cocks; an armful or two being deposited by each. But if there be an abundant crop of hay, no straw is sent; the bands are made up from the hay.

"The labourer now begins his peculiar job.† He pulls to pieces the mass (or haycock, as we will call it), of the dimensions already stated, and forms the hay into bundles, weighing fourteen pounds each. From long experience, he reckons the weight by his eye, and, as I learned from the farmers, with a precision which is quite marvellous. These bundles he ties up either with the straw, as I have mentioned, or with the hayband. The bundle of fourteen pounds thus made is called a *botte*, and the verb in the French language, *botteler*, signifies to make such bottles. In fact, this is the old 'bottle of hay,' in which our favourite adage challenges the most inquisitive searcher to find a needle. Four of these bottles make, therefore, our truss of *old hay*; four and a half, the truss of *new*.

"When the *bottle-maker*, as we may call him, has made up a sufficient number of 'bottes' to fill a waggon, the vehicle is sent in, the farmer or bailiff knowing with tolerable accuracy the space of time required for the making up of the whole crop; and these 'bottes' are forked into it, and borne off to that barn which is reserved

* They adopt the same system with regard to wheat or oats which have of necessity been cut before maturity."

† Pole, in his 'Synopsis,' introduces a note at the 7th verse of the one hundred and twenty-ninth Psalm, which seems to bear upon this mode of gathering the hay-crop. I will not trouble my reader with the Latin; but the purport of it is, that in the earliest days of husbandry, before *sheaves were invented*, the standing grass was plucked up, and thrust into the labourer's 'ora vestimentis,'—i. e. into the fulness of the frock he wore; as a man might now stuff a large quantity of green clover within a smock-frock: so that the Psalmist's binder up of the sheaves of grass (i. e. bundles of hay) disdaining to fill his bosom with prematurely withered produce, might possibly be working on the self-same plan with us."

for the hay; and there the whole crop is stowed away.

"The farmers stated that they thus knew to a fraction the amount of the 'yield,' and the consumption of the provender, and were, moreover, enabled to regulate with exactitude the precise allowance which each horse, cow, or sheep should receive in conjunction with other *fourage* or provender. I must, however, reserve this part of the subject for further mention, merely recording by the way an opinion delivered by one of my agricultural acquaintances in Normandy, that our English method of stacking the hay, and letting it stand for upwards of a year, till the mass becomes so compact as not to admit of even a man's finger being thrust into it, was, for many considerations, a very superior arrangement."

Arrived at Paris, and much commending the railroad accommodation all the way through where he employed that mode of transit, our author proceeds to point out and contrast the changes which have taken place since he was there before. One piece of description reminds us of the still greater change within the last fortnight:

"Monsieur Girard, mine host of the Hotel des Etrangers ('bearded like the pard') observed to me, when he discovered that I had lived under the roof of this old house of entertainment for travellers as far back as in the year 1816,—that for his part he was only seventeen years of age in 1830.

"I merely mention the circumstance to record it as one of a thousand such instances of the French reckoning of the present day. 'All their dates, calculations, deductions, and comparisons, seem to be referred to the days of July, *mille huit cent trente*, and the flight of Charles the Tenth; just as the Arabians use their Hegira,—beginning their epoch from the 16th of July, 622 A.D., when Mahomet decamped from Mecca. It is very ridiculous, but the fact forces itself on the ear and attention; and, to those who, like myself, are at a loss to understand what that 'glory' consisted of, which broke up all order and discipline, overthrew the oldest dynasty in the universe, and plunged half the families of the fairest city in Europe into lamentations, and mourning, and woe,—for more than 'three days,'—this obtrusive and most questionable 'remembrancer' must sound too harshly to convey any associations blended with these two words,—'glorious days' on the part of the French."

Where now are the three glorious days and their memories? They are obliterated by two! and we have yet to learn the consequences of the augmented popular force, the

Civium ardor prava jubentium,
so portentously reigning over the present day.
(To be continued.)

Memoirs of Mademoiselle de Montpensier, Grand-daughter of Henri Quatre, and Niece of Queen Henrietta Maria. Written by herself. Edited from the French. 3 vols. Colburn.

THE absorbing interest attached to the condition of the last reigning family in France; not to mention that still felt for the preceding restored dynasty, for the overthrown race of Napoleon, and the unfortunate Monarchy subverted by the former revolution, is so much more immediate and intense that we can scarcely go so far back as a century and a half, or a century, to trace the personages and events of any elder period. Yet as a picture of by-gone times, and as exhibiting some of the causes in their seedling, which have produced the bitter fruits of our age, the work is of considerable value, and in less troubled and stormy times would have had a much better chance of fixing public attention. As it is, it is piquant and amusing, and a curious drama to contrast with the drama which has since been and is now acting.

Mr. James has so fully and ably illustrated the

historical circumstances of the era embraced in this autobiography, that readers will find its principal attraction to consist in the private anecdotes, and exposure of Court expectations, intrigues, disappointments, plans, and consequences. They resemble a game at forfeits, and those who fancied themselves the best players did not always succeed. Some of the results, on the contrary, appear to justify the poet's words:

"Yet this believe,
There's a Divinity doth shape our ends,
Rough hew them how we will."

The French Courtiers not only rough-hewed but polished them; yet the crosses were great, manifold, and unexpected. Who can foresee the future? What a Power it would be this 11th of March, 1848.

Mlle. de Montpensier's Memoirs offer no food for possible extract to indicate their character, nor is it possible to analyze so long a series of incidents as she records; we can, therefore, only repeat our praise of the publication as one that, in as far as regards the time over which it runs, certainly holds the mirror up, and shows the form and pressure of that stirring epoch.

The Synopsis of Summary Convictions, Shewing at one view the Penalties for 1300 Offences, &c. &c. By George C. Oke, Assistant Clerk to the Newmarket Benches of Justice, &c. &c. 8vo. Butterworth.

THIRTEEN hundred offences! Are there so many in the catalogue of human indiscretions, follies, vices, and crimes? Truly there are, and punishable by law; as is demonstrated by our very able and intelligent Assistant Clerk. Well off are the Justices who enjoy his personal advice and services; but now, with such a work as this before them, every magistrate throughout the country may, by ready reference, be equally informed for the due administration of Justice. The forms of proceedings, limitations of time, costs, and, in short, every part of practice, are so clearly laid down, admirably arranged, copiously indexed, and tabularly explained in this volume, that we would say of it, that no person seated on the bench, in any capacity beneath the higher courts, should sit there without having it by his side. It must be similarly useful to all Solicitors.

The History of the Monastery founded at Tyne-mouth in the Diocese of Durham. By William Sidney Gibson, Esq. F.S.A. 2 vols., 4to. Pickering.

THIS is one of those laborious works which ever and anon appear, scarcely affording scope for a popular review, but which will live and be cherished when hundreds of others are forgotten. A gentleman, with sufficient zeal and talent, who will devote himself to the faithful prosecution of the history of an important and venerable institution, cannot fail of obtaining the approbation of the discerning archaeologist. Mr. Gibson has effected this much for the monastery of Tyne-mouth, and he has brought so much knowledge and enthusiasm to the task, that the reader cannot but admire his diligence and warmth, even if his sympathies are not always with the author. For our own part, we must acknowledge an interest in old associations of every kind, from the monastery to the battle-field of the Revolution; but in one respect Tyne-mouth is deficient in attraction, a gap not now to be filled up,—the loss of traditional lore. To be sure this is not the author's fault, but still the absence of anything of the kind is noticed with feelings of disappointment. These volumes are profusely illustrated, and, to use a publisher's phrase, are "got up" in the most unexceptionable manner.

Emily Vernon. Pp. 146. London, Hamilton, Adams, & Co.; Brighton, King.

A VERY religious little book, to inculcate the virtue of Self Sacrifice and point the path to truly Christian Education.

The History and Antiquities of the Cathedral Church of Wells. Pp. 151. Rivingtons.

LIBERALLY permitted by Mr. Britton to derive this little volume as a guide to the Cathedral Antiquities of Wells, from his great work on the Cathedrals of England, Mr. H. W. Ball, of that city, has here produced a cheap volume, which every visitor to Wells will find very useful and full of information in examining this interesting fabric.

Thoughts on the Observance of Lent. By Sir Archibald Edmonstone, Bart., author of "The Christian Gentleman's Daily Walk," Cleaver.

THE pious layman to whom the Christian Church is indebted for this small, but, as the sincere worshipper must think, important work, reprehends the relaxed spirit and self-indulgence of modern times, and earnestly enforces a more complete adherence to the ordinances of ecclesiastical discipline during the season of Lent, on which we have just entered. He justifies fasting, and blames the Puritans and Calvinists as the chief objectors and impediments to the exercise of this primitive practice. There is much biblical learning and acquaintance with the ancient fathers and rites displayed; and, on the whole, a more serious and apposite publication could not issue from the press at this particular period.

Loss and Gain. Pp. 388. Burns.

CHARLES REDING, the son of a Clergyman of the Church of England and himself educated for that Church, is led by his own convictions, and not by Jesuitry, to go over to the Church of Rome, and rest his happiness and salvation on the *Soliditas Cathedræ Petri*.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

At the Council, on Thursday, no more definitive steps were taken in consequence of the resignation of the President, and of the Secretary, Dr. Roget. The former, it will be recollected, was announced at the time the British Association met at Southampton, and the noble Marquis only consented to hold office till November, 1848, at the solicitation of the Council. Between this time and the appointed period measures must be adopted to supply the vacancies thus created: but, as yet, nothing has been determined.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

March 3rd.—Mr. Napier, "On Dyeing," described the general principles and practice of the art of imparting colours to fibrous materials. He selected cotton for his subject, because it afforded the widest field of application, and because with the dyeing of this vegetable substance he was more conversant than with that of flax, or of the animal fibrous materials, wool and silk. His lecture was a series of interesting practical illustrations of the operations of the dyer:—boiling to remove the natural resinous state of the cotton; or wetting-out, as technically termed: and bleaching, before and after the use of chlorine, the former process, repeated boilings and dryings, requiring the same number of weeks as the latter—the chlorine of the bleaching powder, chloride of lime, set free by vitriol—does minutes. (In regard to the idea that the chlorine process destroyed the fibre, Mr. Napier said it does not necessarily so, but if it did, it was owing to the inattention of the bleacher.) The solution of colouring matter, and the several modes of fixing it as an insoluble substance in the cotton, were the chief points dwelt upon and experimentally exhibited. The division of colours in dyeing, into substantive and adjective, was stated to be erroneous, and proofs presented that such definition was wrong. This denial, however, it appeared to us, referred only to the extent of the application of the definition, as safflower and indigo were admitted to be true substantive

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colours. Safflower contains two colouring matters, yellow and red; the first cannot as yet be fixed; the second is soluble in alkaline water, but must be rendered insoluble by sulphuric acid before capable of dyeing, and in this respect is a most peculiar substance. The cotton seems to have the power of taking it up in its insoluble state, for upon the cotton being examined with the microscope after dyeing, the colour appears inside the inflated tubes. Mr. Napier, in conclusion, described the preparation and the theories of the blue vat—one theory treating indigo as composed of indigogen (the dyeing solution) and oxygen—the other (Dumas') considering indigo to be combined with one equivalent of water, and to retain the hydrogen only in becoming a dyeing solution.

THE BRITANNIA BRIDGE.

This unparalleled work, the tubular wrought-iron bridge at Conway, conceived and executed by Mr. Robert Stephenson, for the purpose of conveying the railway trains by the Holyhead railway, was safely placed in its position on Monday last. Its length is 420 feet, height 30, and width 15, and its weight between 1,300 and 1,400 tons. The thickness of the plates, which are boiler-plates riveted together, is about five-eighths of an inch on an average. It has been tested to 300 tons in the middle (no greater weight than 100 will ever be on it), and the deflection was under 3 inches, the first 100 tons being the greatest, the last the least, and on the removal of these weights the bridge immediately recovered the deflection. It was built with a camlin of 7 inches, which, on the supports being removed, brought it to a level, as had previously been calculated. It was removed by pontoons which were placed under it, and which, rising with the tide, raised it from the position where it was built; and they being hauled to the spot where it now is deposited on the shelves made for its reception in the piers as the tide fell. It will be raised to the requisite height by hydraulic pumps. The reason of the great length of the tube was the impossibility of having a centre pier, the water being 60 feet deep. It is intended to erect another similar tube at Conway, to form two lines, and there will be eight similar tubes across the Menai Straits, the longest of which will be 450 feet, there being there two piers.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

Oxford, March 1st, 1848.—The following gentlemen were admitted *ad eundem*—

The Rev. E. A. F. Harenc, M.A., Magdalen College, Cambridge.
R. Birnie, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge.
The following degrees were conferred—

Bachelor in Civil Law.—J. H. Griffiths, University College.
Masters of Arts.—Rev. J. Henly, Exeter; T. Kekewich, Christ Church; Rev. W. Dry, Brasenose; Rev. H. Pearson, W. Fraser, Worcester.
Bachelors of Arts.—S. G. Harris, Exeter; J. S. Vaughan, C. T. Hoskins, Balliol; C. W. Franks, Christ Church; R. T. Whitmore, W. Alington, Merton; W. Keen, Worcester; W. H. Gutteridge, New College; T. Richardson, Jesus; J. L. Brereton, University.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Thursday, March 2nd.—Mr. Amyot, V.P., in the chair.—Mr. C. R. Smith laid before the Society a communication from E. Pretty, Esq., of Northampton, "On the station of Magiovinum," mentioned in the *Itinerary of Antoninus*. The current opinion of our antiquaries appears to have placed this at, or near, Fenny Stratford, which Mr. Pretty considers to be confirmed by the Roman remains found in its vicinity. This communication was accompanied by two or three plans and small sketches; and the coins enumerated as found there, consisted of two, in large brass, of Severus Alexander and Gordianus Pius, and some of Posthumus, Tetricus, Valens, Claudius Gothicus, and Tacitus, in small brass.

The Secretary then proceeded to the continuation of Sir Fortunatus Dwarrior's observations upon the history of the Brereton family of Cheshire; a further portion of which having been read, the remainder was postponed to the next meeting.

BRITISH ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

March 8th. Council Meeting.—Communications were received from Mr. Wire, on recent discoveries of Roman remains at Colchester; from Mr. Southcott, of Dalston, announcing the exhumation of Roman urns and pottery, in fragments, near Shrubland road, at that place; and from Mr. Crafter, in refutation of an alleged discovery of a portion of a vessel in railway excavations at Northfleet.

Mr. A. Durand forwarded impressions of seals found at Calais, one of which, from the ruins of the palace of John, Duke of Lancaster, son of Edward III. of England, reads, round a lion rampant, "Je zu fol de amour."

Mr. E. Keats exhibited an ancient marble bust of Roman work, recently found among some rubbish in the garden of a house at Brompton, reputed as having been the residence of Oliver Cromwell. The bust represents a youth, and, although somewhat mutilated, is a fine and desirable work of art.

There were also exhibited some antiquities the property of Mr. Joseph Curt, the medallist, among which was a statuette of Diana, said to have been found on the site of Théroutanne, near St. Omer, and a quantity of coins of Carausius, found at Rouen, which Mr. Curt lately procured at Paris. Among them are some rare specimens.

CAMBRIDGE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.

Feb. 28th.—Rev. Professor Corrie in the chair. The Rev. C. Hardwick, of St. Catharine's hall, brought before the society some specimens of the dialect of North Yorkshire, many of which are not included in Mr. Halliwell's valuable "Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words." He proposed to continue his inquiries and communicate the results to the society, and also to Mr. Halliwell, for his use in adding to the Dictionary. The Rev. J. J. Smith, of Caius college, read extracts from certain letters, with a view to draw attention to the valuable manuscript collections preserved in the College Libraries. Also a report of the results of an excursion to the church of Little Shelford, near Cambridge, made by some members of the society. After shortly noticing the architectural and other peculiarities of the church, and mentioning the discovery of several stone coffins, he stated that under the floor of the pew of the Lord of the Manor it was traditionally believed that two monumental brasses existed, and that upon removing the boarding they were discovered in a beautiful state of preservation. They were of about the date of 1420, and commemorate members of the Freville family, formerly Lords of Little Shelford, and one of whom is considered as the founder of the church. They are both quite new to the observers of monumental brasses.

ARCHEOLOGY IN DENMARK.

From a private letter from Copenhagen, we learn that the late King of Denmark, a short time before his decease, appointed Herr Worsaae a Member of the Royal Commission for the Preservation of the Monuments of Denmark, and instituted for this able young antiquary a new office, that of the Inspector of the antiquarian monuments of the country. Hitherto the Royal Commission has collected the antiquities of Denmark, for the national museum, with great success; but they had not the means of exercising controul over the monuments scattered throughout the country, nor sufficient power to prevent their destruction. Herr Worsaae is charged to adopt means for taking drawings, and plans of

primeval remains, such as barrows, cromlechs, and runic stones; also the ancient castles, cathedrals, churches, &c. The most important monuments are to be given up to the government for preserving them from destruction. The present king who interests himself a good deal about the national antiquities, has already ordered that all the national monuments upon the estates of the Crown, are to be preserved, and, in future, to be excepted from the leases.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Geographical, 8 p.m.—Medical, 8 p.m.
Tuesday.—Medical and Chirurgical, 8 p.m.—Civil Engineers, 8 p.m.—Mr. Rankine, "On the Forms and Construction of Sea Walls."—Zoological, 9 p.m.—Syro-Egyptian, 7 p.m.
Wednesday.—Statistical, 3 p.m. (anniversary).—Society of Arts, 8 p.m.—London Institution, 7 p.m.—Ethnological, 8 p.m.
Thursday.—Royal, 8 p.m.—Antiquaries, 8 p.m.
Friday.—Royal Institution, 8 p.m.—Mr. E. Cowper, "On Woodcroft's Screw-propeller."
Saturday.—Asiatic, 2 p.m.—Westminster Medical, 8 p.m.

FINE ARTS.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

THE Exhibition of recent British manufactures and decorative art, this year, consists of nearly 700 specimens; and may, we think, upon the whole, be deemed an advance upon that of last season. Still, in many things, we are essentially behind the productions of other countries; and France and Germany outstrip us in more respects than one. As we observed, in speaking of the Ellenborough Plate last week, that it was a laudable contrast to the trifling, want of taste, and disregard of obvious utility displayed in the majority of our pretty knick-knacks, in defiance of the rule of reason, that there can be no beauty which is inconsistent with utility, and the application of the article to its intended purpose; we have here lamps that could not be kept clean; puerile devices, at issue with the objects, and a chair called "of Repose," which seems to be too rugged in its forms either for rest or the safety of ladies' dresses. Alderman Copeland's porcelain statuary figures show well; and there is one superb group, No. 212, full of elasticity and nature. Unfortunately, it is of Dresden Art. Except two or three bronzes, the rest are bought. In glass, china, chased articles, plate, &c., we see little difference—many specimens are rather poor and meagre; others of a better order. Some wood carving, Jordan's, by a new process, is free and striking, and some artificial flowers are prettily executed. But we may probably deem it expedient to enter more into detail during the opening of the Exhibition, and for the present recommend it altogether as an interesting lounge.

THE ART UNION AND THE BOARD OF TRADE.

THE correspondence between the Board of Trade and the Directors of the Art Union of London, has not yet come to a satisfactory conclusion. The latter oppose the recommendation of selections to be made by a committee instead of the prize-holders themselves; and we entirely agree with them, that if persons were to have their prizes chosen for them, and not have the right of choice, a vast number of subscribers would fall off from the Union. A might wish a landscape, but be obliged to take a *genre* piece; B, a domestic scene, but compelled to accept a storm at sea; C, desiring history, must put up with a landscape; D, fond of a poetical subject, have dead game thrust upon him; and so on.

* For the re-assurance of some who have hesitated about subscribing, we may mention, that no alteration was ever contemplated in the mode of selection for the present year. The illustrated edition of "*Il Penseroso*" and "*L'Allegro*" to be given to each subscriber, in addition to a copy of Bacon's engraving, after Wehnert's "Prisoner of Gisors," is making most satisfactory progress.

through the alphabet. It would be a play at cross-purposes in the fine arts. The Board next required an alteration in the distribution of Engravings—that none should be from modern pictures, and that a smaller number should be allotted as prizes from ancient masters, executed in the highest style. We do not feel quite sure that there may not be a question on this point. The last long over-due Engraving given by the Union is but a sorry production, and can do nothing towards promoting a general public taste for the art. "The Convalescent," though painted by Mulready and engraved by Dox, is in truth a failure; and does no credit to any party concerned in it. Then the Board wanted ten per cent. to be taken out of the fund to purchase works for exhibition and not for prizes. We would ask why the subscribers should pay such a tax, any more than the rest of the community?

The end of the matter up to the present time, and after a conference with Mr. Labouchere, President of the Board of Trade, seems to be that all the suggestions of that Board are abandoned and that as a something to be retained out of all the claims to interfere, Mr. Labouchere insists on the Committee selecting all the prizes above 70*l.* leaving the little goes to be chosen by the lucky winner; but to which proposition the directors again answer—"No, we won't agree."

[The last number of the *Builder* gives a full account of these transactions; and charges the Attorney and Solicitor General with being guilty of a transparent piece of equivocation in their legal opinion upon the subject.]

Singleton's Cabinet Pictures, illustrating the *Plays of Shakspeare*, have re-visited London, and been visible at Mr. Hogarth's, in the Haymarket. It is proposed to exhibit this long series, in many of its subjects so honourable to the feeling and talent of the artist; the profits to be assigned to the Committee for the purchase of the House at Stratford. We see no reason why the proposal should not be assented to, and the public generally gratified by an interesting sight.

Panorama of Vienna.—Mr. Burford opens his new Panorama of Vienna to private view to-day; and to the public on Monday.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

The late French Government had placed the requisite sum in the hands of its Consul, at Bagdad, for the prosecution of his antiquarian researches and excavations, which have already led to the discovery of the ancient palace of Sardanapalis.

That rare exotic, the *Vanilla aromatica*, is at this moment in full bloom in the Horticultural Garden at Flotbeck, near Hamburg. It has put off many shoots, which induces the hope that this beautiful climber will arrive at perfection and become acclimated in our northern regions.

Aurora Borealis.—A magnificent Aurora Borealis was seen in several parts of Germany at midnight on the 21st February. The sky was perfectly clear and studded with stars which shone with unusual brilliancy and lustre. Columns of bright red rose in the north, and, gradually spreading over the whole northern hemisphere, gave it the appearance of the reflection of a conflagration. This bright glow was soon suffused with an ocean of light, which spread further and further, and illumined this lustrous red to an extent of at least 40°. The appearance of the Aurora was indescribably grand and magnificent, lighting up earth and sky with a bright crimson. The phenomena lasted full an hour, and was succeeded by a sharp frost.

Death of Seraphin Vlieger.—This celebrated Flemish Artist has been carried off by typhus fever at the age of 41. As early as the year 1824, he was recognised as the first painter of the Flemish school; in 1826, the city of Brussels awarded

him the gold medal, and the Netherlands presented him with 500 florins in 1829; he likewise received the gold medal of Groningen. M. Vlieger was premier professor of the Academy of Alost.

Berlin Academy of Sciences.—Dr. Gumprecht delivered a lecture, "On the progress of civilization on the continent of Africa, in modern times." The learned lecturer looked to the geographical features of the country for a more rapid development of civilization, by the introduction of European sciences, than we have been accustomed to consider probable. Africa, he remarked, has numerous subterranean waters, which could be easily made to spring forth by boring, and the now nomade and wildly erratic negro tribes would speedily settle down at these stations, which, from a barren desert would be converted into a luxuriant garden. In Algeria, this method had been successfully adopted, and likewise by Mehemet Ali, who had made the Nubian desert passable by sinking no fewer than fourteen Artesian wells in it. The mental progress of the native Africans was also handled by the Professor with much interest; he alluded first to the introduction of Christianity in general, and of missions in particular. As the results of civilization in Africa, Dr. Gumprecht mentioned the abolition of slavery in the states of the Bey of Tunis, the canals, buildings, and administrative reforms of Mehemet Ali, the English and American Negro colonies of Liberia, Gambia, and Cape Palmas, which have spread over a vast extent of country, and where there are now flourishing stations, regular administrations, and native Christian preachers.

Madrid.—The sons of the celebrated Don Martin Fernandez Navarrete are preparing an edition of all his unpublished works, in 10 vols. They consist of Biographies of Navigators and Discoverers, Essays on Navigation, Travels, Literary and Scientific Critiques, &c. We have lost Don Xavier de Burgos, the former minister and author, within the last few days. It is not very long since he published a translation of Horace, which is considered decidedly the best which we possess in the Spanish language. He has left several posthumous works which will be published.

Earthquake in Morocco.—A letter from Melilla, of the 12th ult. describes a severe earthquake, accompanied by hurricanes, experienced there on the 11th. Two shocks threw down buildings and rent the walls in several places, and the trembling of the earth continued several hours, with slighter shocks. The terror of the population was frightful, but we do not hear of any loss of life.

American Opera Squabbles.—We have intelligence from Boston, communicating to us some of the squabbles of the Opera managers here, and the *troupe* they sent to Boston. It seems that Sanquirico, one of the managers, and the Boston detachment, had each other arrested and held to bail. Signor Viette and Avignone are all quarrelling about the salaries and the benefits. Biscaccianti seems to be the only one who is not in difficulty. We have had several inquiries made to us from Boston about Signor Albinoli—what is his position in the Opera?—and who are the responsible managers here? In fact, the company seem to be squabbling on all sides; but we hardly think these squabbles are worth giving to the public.—*New York Paper*.

And Drama.—Franklin, the equestrian, who was shot by Harrington, also of Rockwell's company, is recovering slowly. The ball penetrated the left cheek, and is supposed to be imbedded in the bones of the face. The lad Grady, about whom the difficulty arose, continues his astonishing feats nightly at the Circus. Harrington, as probably you have learned, blew out his own brains after shooting Franklin.—*Id.*

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

HAREEMS IN CAIRO.

[Agreeably to the announcement in our last, we present our readers with an original View of the interiors of Hareems at Cairo, belonging to the Rulers of Egypt; and it will be seen that the writer, an English lady, was permitted to visit them on terms of greater intimacy than we remember to have met with accorded to European curiosity. Its minute and curious descriptions are consequently of a novel and original cast.—*Ed. L. G.*]

On our arrival in England, from Egypt, you expressed a wish to have a few memoranda of what we had seen generally, and of such places as you could not have access to; their inhabitants, the subjects, no doubt, of the bright dreams of those whom custom or perhaps religion excludes from their supposed Paradise; their etiquette, private habits, and such matters of small importance but great curiosity, out of the reach of the learned man, and he would say, perhaps, beneath his notice, but which he would like to have a peep at notwithstanding.

Egypt, land of sin and sand, gloomy and glowing; gloomy in spite of brilliant skies by night and day; in its degradation, in the remnants of its ancient grandeur, in the visible fulfilment of awful prophecy, desolate and abject! I do not, however, mean to be sentimental, but the impression on my mind is wholly melancholy as regards the appearance of the country, and of the poor wretched women who steal about in their hideous attire, dirty and despoiled. Then that odious veil! How anxious you must have been, I am sure of it, so don't deny it, to remove that veil! Merciful veil, that supplies to the imagination what sight would annihilate! The Eastern maiden no longer worshipped the Prophet when the silver veil was raised, nor would you, Mr. David R—ts, or any other David or Solomon (no, stop at Solomon, for he did not take an Egyptian woman to be his wife,) do aught else than regret the gratification of your fatal curiosity. Lovely mystery! one eye; nose, cheeks, and chin beautifully tattooed; the countenance devoid of intelligence, coarse in expression. Such is the generality of the women who skulk through the streets, and who crouch like monkeys at the doors of the miserable hovels or holes in which they dwell. But you wish to hear of those who are placed above the vulgar herd, of those who inhabit the bright marble halls, for whom the world is ransacked to find splendid toys to buy one smile of welcome or one glance of love from the last new purchase. Beauty dazzling to behold, tender, brilliant, intoxicating! Delusion all! During my stay in Egypt, I never saw one beautiful woman, or even one that would attract common attention in a ball-room in England. I saw only some less ugly than others, whether Turkish, Circassian, Syrian, Arab, Nubian, or Abyssinian; in indeed, the finest person altogether amongst the hundreds of chosen ones that I have seen was an Abyssinian; she was black as jet, about five feet six inches in height, a most lovely figure and good face, and to complete her very striking appearance, dressed in black entirely, the girdle above the hips only being of gold. She was very like a handsome demon wanting the tail.

Having valuable letters of introduction to the princes of the land, we were invited to the principal hareems—the marble halls literally. Upon the first visit, we were not expected, and therefore saw the inmates without any previous preparation. A message was sent to the "Sitty Gaber," (I write from ear, not knowledge,) or chief lady, that Frank ladies were coming to visit them. A eunuch unlocked the massive door, holding up the veil which hangs before it, and ushered us into a court surrounded by walls one could hardly see the top of. At the door of the house, the chief lady, with a troop of damsels, waited to receive us,—a mark of high honour!—saluted us by touching our hands and snatching theirs away quickly, intimating

by way of compliment, their unworthiness, then touching with the tips of their fingers their own heart, token of love; and their forehead, token of great respect. The slaves (women of course) touched the ground with their right hand and then the head. The chief lady then took me by the hand and led me up marble stairs, slaves holding up our dresses, and we came into an immense chamber, I should think 100 feet long; the flooring of veined marble; the walls painted in the Byzantine style, with domed ceilings; immense windows, occupying generally a whole side and sometimes two sides of the room, looking into a garden, at the bottom of which is a lake, convenient for obstreperous beauties. The form of the large chamber is a cross, $\frac{2}{3} \times \frac{1}{3}$, one part of the short portion of the cross being a large room without a door, curtains being used instead, the other a bay window, small rooms going off in the nooks and sides. The lady led me to the divan, ordered pipes and coffee: the former we put to our lips, and, after a little while, gave to the slaves, who waited about in groups. The coffee was presented with much grace, and in cups of the most costly kind, mounted in brilliants and delicately painted in enamel; sherbet, sweetmeats, in quick succession. After a little while, the daughter-in-law came in, wife of the chief lady's son; she was very little and rather plump, of a sallow complexion, not ugly, not pretty. Her gait was slow and like that of a goose—here the model of grace! Venus, whence was thy Cestus? Her dress—trousers of the richest, brightest gold-colour satin, embroidered in a large scroll pattern in gold. The jacket of the same material, without embroidery, edged with a narrow black velvet; a shawl or scarf round the waist over the trousers; before and behind a long straight piece of silk or other material, like some part of the dress. People of rank allow the piece at the back to trail on the ground: slaves may not do so. The head-dress is marvellous! A red tarbooch, with an enormous quantity of dark blue tassel, the same sort of thing one sees worn by the Turks here, but the tassel six times as thick. Below this cap, nearer the forehead, black ribbon or silk, or anything they choose, is bound round the head, on which jewels are placed; but no description can give an idea of this complicated head-gear. A little frizzy hair is left straggling on the forehead, and innumerable small plats hang down the back. All colours, even green, are used and mixed with the most determined contempt either for contrast or harmony; pale blue trousers, &c. and a pale green jacket for instance. Some jackets (it being winter, although the heat was frequently at 90°) were made of cloth with stand-up collars like a coachman's. Black is a new fashion in the Harem; it is much prized, and they have a respect for it. When there are entertainments given, it is the highest fashion to deck the slaves in jewels, the ladies being dressed, by comparison, very plainly, affecting, besides, European fashions in their materials and furniture. We had no interpreter, not expecting to be so unhesitatingly admitted. We made signs, and laughed a good deal. At length a black slave was brought in, a very fine woman, who spoke a sort of *Lingua Franca*, a most abominable jargon; it served to convey a little of our meaning to each other. I asked how all the ladies employed themselves; the answer was, "they studied the Graces to please." All wore white cotton stockings and common red slippers, which they dropped at the doorway of the room or on drawing up their feet on the divan. We took leave, and were escorted down stairs by a troop of slaves. All were slaves but the two ladies alluded to, and no slave can sit down in the presence of a wife without her permission. We were, a short time after, invited to spend the day there, and desired, if we could, to bring

a dragoman (lady). They wanted us to go, only fancy, at seven in the morning; at last we got the sentence commuted to eleven. A carriage and four was sent for us with memlukes and runners, as you know, with a whip to make the people, &c. get out of the way. What a rate we went at through the few streets wide enough for a carriage! I don't think I have once hinted that what I am relating occurred at Cairo. Everything was upset that was not taken out of the way. The people gaped in utter amazement at a Pacha's carriage filled with four shameless, unveiled Christian women, driven by one of the Faithful. Again the sacred veil was raised to welcome Christian women, in the land, too, where a few years since a Christian's life was not safe. We were welcomed as their most honoured friends. This time, many met us in the court, and the great lady on the step of the door. On the first visit, to whichever room we went, a eunuch followed us, and stood at the doorway: this time, after we were admitted, he did not appear, except once with a message. They could not have supposed either of us to have been a man, yet I think it was caution in some way or other. Pipes and coffee, sherbet, sweetmeats were handed at short intervals. We had three ladies to interpret, Italian, French, and English, and this time we got on famously. Then dinner. In the middle of the room, where dinner was to be taken, was spread at the time only, a small carpet worked in splendid colours and gold. On this was placed the table, and this house being of the highest fashion, we had French chairs of crimson velvet and gold. The table was for ten, of silver; no table-cloth, of course. In the middle was a small dish-frame about two inches above the level of the table; around this two rows of cut-glass dishes, about six inches long, and oval, containing salads of various sorts, pickles, hard eggs sliced in oils, preserves, &c. At the edge opposite each guest, a large roll, an ivory spoon and a gold spoon, one for sweets, the other for soups or anything savoury. On entering the room, slaves present basins and jugs in silver, and soap for washing hands. On sitting down to table, large napkins, embroidered in gold and colours on cambric, are put into the lap. Soup begins the repast. The wife only dines, the slaves do not eat in the presence of their superiors. I suppose there were fifty in attendance, and others going in and out and standing at our backs talking to those at table. The lady then begins, and after tasting, says, "Eat in God's name." Each person eats from one place only in the dish. No plates, except to the child who could not reach to the middle of the table. Solid things are pulled by main force. It was a little awkward at first, but I soon found it very easy and natural. The dinner was a merciful dinner, being only about thirty dishes; fifty is a common number. The lady, as a compliment, frequently gives a nice bit with her own hand. You are bound to eat this, if you choke, generally, but here, this rule was not attended to, the lady knowing a little of European manners. There is no settled plan for dinner, meat, fish, or sweets follow each other indiscriminately. The cooking very excellent, but rather rich, and I never spared the magnesia afterwards. A great deal of honey is used in the pastry, and rose-water and almonds in the cookery generally. On rising from the table, you sit down on chairs or *divans*, spreading napkins on the knees; the slaves kneeling, pour rose-water while you thoroughly cleanse your hands, an operation very agreeable and needful. Coffee is then brought, and pipes after, if you like, and so on till you go. One thing disgusted me excessively. When we were in the court, surrounded by women and one of the chief ladies, the eunuch who was about to open the door to let us out, smacked his whip, and shouted out for them to go in—they scam-

bled in as fast as they could (I think women are considered much in the same way as we consider dogs). They made all sorts of complimentary speeches, such as "You are the roof of our house," &c., and a large basket of bon-bons was given to the children on leaving, covered with a pale-lilac silk handkerchief. They are children in their ideas, being devoid of all cultivation. They were delighted with some miniatures I took with me. We visited them several times, and on the occasion of our farewell visit, after the usual routine, the daughter-in-law waited for us at the door of the house, attended by slaves holding a large tray with coloured glass basins with covers, containing some sweet liquid and sweetmeats; this was the parting cup—the last act of hospitality. They kissed us on both cheeks, and the daughter, who had taken a strong liking to Julia, threw her arms round her, embracing her tenderly, and weeping. She wanted sadly to detain her there, and asked her to be the other wife of her own husband! because she could love her. This lady appeared to have more soul than most of them, for when her husband bought a slave, she fell ill, and was expected to die. She was never so gay as the other inmates. Her greatest grief was the want of children; her rival had had several. There are *duennas* in the harems to teach the inmates their duties, superintend, and keep them in order.

Another harem we were invited to where the lady was ill. There was only one wife. She received us in bed. Perhaps you think you can imagine what the appearance of a lady in bed must be; I don't think you can. The bed on the floor in the nook, formed by the meeting of the high and low divan, the bed-clothes composed of rich cashmere shawls, the lady in sky-blue trousers, &c., and black velvet jacket, with low shirt and ruffles, rings, gold chain, and watch. On her head the tarbooch, and a quantity of black lace, or something of the kind. Diamonds and jewels generally were laid aside in consequence of a death in the family—the lady's only child. There was also a little black crape fastened in a pattern about the walls of the room. This I suppose is also an imitation of European customs, for the usual mourning is white cashmere. At this house, when the veil of the door was raised, a troop of slaves surrounded us, making the salutation of touching the ground with their hands and then their foreheads. Two slaves preceded us up stairs with two vases of perfume burning very nice (upon this occasion I took Miss Martineau with me and Mrs. Yates). Two slaves supported each of us up the stairs holding up our dresses. We were taken into a large handsome room, covered with a Turkey carpet, windows on three sides of the room, under which the divan. The highest part is the place of honour, to which we were conducted. Pipes and coffee were brought. The collars of the pipes were magnificent, as they were at the other harem, and enriched, as well as the coffee-cups, with diamonds. All the women were much struck with Miss Martineau's hearing trumpet. After looking at each other for more than an hour we left. The lady would stand up on her bed to take leave of us. Slaves escorted us down stairs with the same ceremony as upon our entrance, only without the burning perfume. At the bottom of the stairs two slaves sprinkled us with rose-water, throwing it plentifully into our faces. One of the eunuchs then took one of the bottles and sprinkled the child with it all the way to the carriage. The master of this house, a man of high rank and wealth, escorted us to our carriage and handed us in, to the amazement of a crowd who had assembled. Public attention to women (as no doubt you are aware) is considered indecorous, and it is no unfrequent thing to see a young couple walking, the husband always at a distance or on a donkey, while the wife follows. A short

time after we went to the same house by invitation to dine. The lady entertained us entirely in the Turkish style, because she said that she knew at the house of her relation it was changed. Accordingly we sat down on the floor upon cushions round the table. The same ceremony of washing hands, as also the pipes and coffee, on our arrival. Here all the dishes were ornamented with flowers, chiefly white roses, geraniums, and pinks. We were offered knives and forks, and we had some plates. The lady tried to use the knife and fork, and laughed at her own want of skill. After dinner we were so dreadfully cramped with sitting with our legs doubled up under us, that we could not get up without assistance; at this they all laughed heartily. Hand-washing and again coffee, with the splendid tray-cloth, the pride of the lady of the house. This cloth is not spread on the salver on which the coffee-cups are placed, but held before it. It was of crimson velvet nearly a yard square, embroidered all over with gold, diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and pearls, looking like a sun, the blaze was so great; it was edged with a most delicately fine gold fringe about six inches deep. When we left, the lady insisted upon accompanying us down to the bottom of the stairs. Having an interpreter with us this time, we were of course better amused. This lady was very desirous of information, expressing a wish to be taught reading, writing, and working. She enquired, too, respecting our marriage laws, and when we explained to her the punishment consequent upon bigamy, she was much pleased, and said it was good. The Koran was lying there printed, and we were allowed to look at it. A short time since, and it would have been deemed sacrilege for a Christian to have touched it. Even now there is a heavy penalty attached to the selling of a copy, and it can only be smuggled out of the country. During our stay at Cairo there was a marriage between the daughter of Achmed Pacha and young Ibrahim Pacha. We went one day, the last; word had been sent that we were going: introduced by Baki Bey. We were expected at seven in the morning! I took some ladies (the daughters of Mr. Pease, the Quaker member of Parliament. Mahomet Ali's eldest daughter, the Princess "Naslam Hanram," was there, and did the honours; she was seated at the extreme end of the splendid chamber we were ushered into, and we were taken up to her; she received us in the most courteous manner, and made room for me and Julia next to the young princess, who sat on her right hand. If we attempted to move to a lower divan, she sent for us back with all sorts of compliments. Pipes were brought in perpetually to those who were so honoured, and magnificent they were. The Naslam Hanram is the image of her father; she had offended him, and on this occasion she had been restored to favour, and allowed to come out; she is about 60 years old, rosy, fresh, and healthy-looking, which is unusual in women here, and stout; she wore immense trousers of broadened silver tissue; the jacket and falling draperies of black satin, embroidered in flowers of every colour, and black velvet boots. The usual head-dress, with a large crescent of diamonds on each side of her head; splendid diamond bracelets and rings, which she passed round for us to examine; her gait was different from the other ladies, for she marched like a very good soldier. And now I am quite at a loss how to bring to your imagination, in colours sufficiently vivid, the scene that here was presented, or to give you an idea of the barbarous noises, meant for rejoicing, of which the human voice is capable. I never knew what noise was till then. I suppose there must have been 2,000 people, women and a few eunuchs with whips to keep them in order—not all in one room. Presently, the princess proposed to go to the upper chamber, leaving the

servants and the inferior people in the reception room; in this upper room we dined, about ten tables at a time, ten at each table. We sat at the table with the little princess, the one for whom the splendid girdle had been made in England, and whose wedding was described by Mrs. Poole. The ladies of the house and other chief ladies walked about to the different tables, desiring us to eat well, to consider ourselves at home, to be happy, and so on. After dinner and the usual ceremonies, came the dancing girls. An Order of Council is necessary now for the admission into Cairo of these strange looking beings. Never was anything so tedious, so stupid, so monotonous, and graceless. The movement was more like a tipsy person, who finds it difficult to keep his feet, than any thing else. They danced four at a time, crossing over and changing places; while one, dressed like a man, with a white cotton cap on, stood at the side making grimaces. We were very glad when it was over, and that it was not repeated: we walked about the room, lost in wonder and admiration at the various brilliant and striking groups, their magnificent dresses and jewels; it was lighted by wax candles stuck in enormous silver candlesticks, placed on the floor, all about the room; the candles reached above our heads; we were at this time above 1,000 women in this room, and the princess sent word that she was afraid the ceiling would give way, and desired that we should go down stairs, which we did, to await the coming down of the bride, who had appeared earlier in the day as she came from the bath, before we had arrived. Now the presents were displayed, and the givers' names proclaimed. The descent of the bride is really a very pretty sight; a flight of marble stairs, wide enough for a dozen people abreast, entirely filled up with persons moving down, many carrying branch candlesticks of seven or nine lights each; the bride appearing supported, scarcely able to hold up her head with the weight of the jewels; she was dressed in rose colour—one blaze of diamonds from her head to her knees; she was so overpowered with the heat, and the noise and fatigue, for this was either the ninth or tenth day of the wedding, that the slaves were obliged to fan her, and continually apply a handkerchief with some restorative to her nose. The Naslam Hanram came and took us by the hand and led us up to see the bride. After the bride had been taken away we were at liberty to leave when we choose. The night before, a play had been acted, and it had been intended that it should have been done again, for the princess sent me word to say that she hoped I should be amused with it. Some ladies who had been there the night before and had witnessed it, had told me of the performance. I sat in terror for having my daughter with me and the other ladies; it would have been most distressing to have witnessed such a performance, and escape was impossible. Whether a hint was given to the princess that we did not like such representations, or whatever else may have prevented it, I know not, but to my unspeakable satisfaction it was left out. The usual hour for the appearance of the bride is after midnight, but the princess, very kindly to us and on our account, commanded her appearance at 10 o'clock; so we got away in reasonable time, fatigued beyond measure, more with the noise than the heat even. Singing in the highest falsetto,—screaching, I should have said,—goes on with very little intermission. Altogether it is not like anything in real life; it is more like a scene at a Carnival ball when the dancing ceases than anything else, only in this immense crowd there were no men and much more noise! I was in bed the whole of the next day, with an intense headache.

Thus far we had only seen the houses of the great. On the Nile we visited others of less importance, but still equally abounding in hos-

pitality, kindness, and respect. At Assonan, for instance, the Secretary (I wonder whether for foreign affairs or the home department), hearing of the arrival of Franks, sent down to invite us to his house. I went alone with my servant. I have thought since it was rather venturesome, but I certainly never felt any fear of any of the natives. I always took a number of things in my pocket, to give to the girls and boys as I went along; bits of finery, pins, needles, tape, cotton, pearl buttons, old purse rings and tassels, bracelets, thimbles, and sugar-plums for the little ones; I had ever a train of followers. I went up to his pigeon-house alone, then, taking some presents with me, as gauze scarfs, handkerchiefs, bodkins, little work-boxes, pin-cushions, with the things before recited. The harem here were Nubians chiefly, the husband calling himself a Christian, he is a Copt; the women were only in the common dress of the country, blue cotton chemise to the ankles, and the blue veil over the head, bare feet. The room at the top of the house, it being winter, about 12 feet square, only the brick wall whitewashed; no window, but the place for it, looking into the court of the house, and the pigeons flying in and out; a very broad, very low divan taking up more than half of the room. They possessed, however, a few chairs, which they brought for us to sit on. The women were well soaked in castor oil, the favourite perfume. They examined my dress minutely, and liked everything but my gloves, which they appeared to dislike as much as I certainly did their perfume. Presently, to my astonishment, the rest of my family came in; they had discovered that there were others in the boat, and had sent for them. Then came refreshment: the horror of that repast! First, a little pastry, not so very bad; then a boiled chicken, looking so very dirty! But fancy my feelings when a wife clutched it in her hands and tore it to pieces, giving each a portion, with an additional flavour from the castor oil! Julia was not very well, and pleaded a headache as an excuse for not eating; but nothing but eating would satisfy her, and she pulled the meat from the bones and pushed it into her mouth with her thumb! I could not swallow anything but the bread, which was very good. I deposited all I had, after pretending to eat, in my napkin, thinking I should escape detection. When I said in desperation "bass" (enough), things being removed, I had the satisfaction of seeing all my dinner shaken out on the floor. Here we had wine, such as it was; no doubt a bottle hoarded with great care: it was perfectly sour; but we sipped it to please our hosts. All the family, sons, servants, and slaves stood at the door looking at us. At length we left, escorted by servants, the Copt himself and his sons. They came on board. Seeing my husband, he told him that as he had not taken anything in his house, he had brought for him two sheep, a basket of bread, 50 pipe-bowls, and two mats. Mr. A. gave him an English knife, having the double blades, and all sorts of instruments besides. Thinking that perhaps the sons would expect a trifle, I asked the dragoman, Hassan, our own being absent, whether we had not better make them some little present. His answer was very quaint and pertinent, viz., "If you please God, never mind his angels." It was at this last harem we saw the necklace mentioned by somebody, made in gold, the shape of small fish, to fit easily round the throat, each fish holding a gold coin; the wearer was a young Syrian slave. Her head was also profusely ornamented with coins; her cap was very handsome, as also her dress of scarlet and gold; her arms were ornamented with many bracelets; over her was thrown a large green gauze veil, decidedly European. She looked stupid and inanimate; not a smile lighted up her countenance for an instant, even when I put bracelets on her wrists. Notwithstanding the splendour of her appearance,

as contrasted with the two wives, she stood behind them, and did not sit down unless told to do so.

I think that I have now related all that neither you or Sir J. Wilkinson, or other inquisitive men (inquiring, I ought to have said, for men, of course, have no curiosity), could possibly see, and I fear the mere description of dress and ceremony has been tedious for you to wade through. I can only say, I am sorry if it has been so, and that I would have made it more interesting if I had been able. I feel how little idea any description can give of scenes so entirely different from anything European.

We had also the satisfaction of being presented to His Highness Mahomet Ali. We had met him previously in the garden at Shoubra, when he saluted us individually. One of his servants happened to be in the steamer that took us to Cairo, and he had described us so accurately that he knew us all at once. He received us by appointment in the harem room in the Kiosk at Shoubra. I dare say you have been there. Do you remember the furniture of that room, rose-coloured satin, with gold and silver brocade pattern? The Pacha has only once before received ladies. He did, however, just before receive the Countess Talbot (not the Shrewsbury family). She compelled him to do so. She went to the Kiosk or the Citadel, I am not sure which, and asked to see His Highness; she was refused, he could not then be seen. [She insisted upon being announced; she was then told His Highness would see her at another time, he was sleeping; "wake him then and tell him I'm only an old woman and won't eat him." She was admitted. He was much amused with her. She told him she was going to Jerusalem. He inquired whether she had plenty of companions for such a journey, she told him she had, and enumerated her dragoman, seven camels, two drivers! She told him that she had been up in a balloon, down in a diving-bell, at the top of Pompey's pillar, and now she had seen Mahomet Ali! She was entirely alone, and came from Vienna, not even a female servant with her. She had made a vow to be at Jerusalem on Christmas Eve, and she accomplished it alone. She was upwards of 70. She never appeared fatigued. I have seen her sleep sitting quite upright. She was very amusing. I return to our reception, which was most gracious. People who knew of our going were anxious to hear how we should be received, as there is a great difference in the honour shown by having only coffee without pipes, unless you have been before and are known to decline pipes. Pipes were brought us, with such magnificent collars of diamonds! then coffee. We prepared to go in about twenty minutes, but the Viceroy would not part with us so soon, and we staid an hour and a half. He talked with us about the state of the people, the number employed in public works, what those works were, what he had done for Cairo in planting and draining marshes; his favourite theme the barge, his visit to England next June, what he thought of England, and so on; and when I said that we could not boast of such a climate, he turned sharply round and said, "be content with the advantages you have, they are not a few." We were much gratified with our visit. His Highness has dispersed his harem; the report is that the ladies rebelled, and strangling and drowning not being so much in vogue as formerly, he married some to his favourites and made presents of others, so that he has now no harem.

Our stay in Egypt will always be a source of pleasurable reflection to us. Nothing could exceed the kindness and attention, we met with from all with whom we had the good fortune to make acquaintance. When at Paris we fell in with Sami Pacha, who had been in Eng-

land, and hearing that we were going to Egypt, invited us to see him, and returned our visit at Meurice's Hotel. He gave us a letter to his son Soubhey Bey, who, after we had visited him, came to see us at the hotel. Baki Bey, too, brother of Sami Pacha, holding the appointment that answers to our Lord Chancellor, invited us to see him, and my husband sat with him in the judgment-hall; and we went afterwards to see his apartments, and he showed us the private way to the harem, and was altogether very agreeable and courteous; he is like Sami Pacha, but much taller. He also came to see us at the hotel. Even the boat we came to the Nile was a present to us. Soubhey Bey asked Baki Bey, his uncle, to give it up to us as we required a large one for our party; the boat itself belonging to Ismael Bey. We carried the royal flags, the boat belonging to a noble, (but we put the English ensign up as well,) also the crimson cloth covering over the cabin roof. No private boat could pass us on the same side of the river. We had, also, the power of compelling any of the people by the river to tow us gratis; the consequence was, as soon as our boat was seen, all the poor creatures disappeared as fast as possible, in dread of the right being enforced; but when they found we were only simple English, they flocked around us in the most amicable manner. The boat contained three large cabins and a large alcove. We had ten sailors, the reiss (captain), steersman, a cook, under-cook, a black boy, our dragoman's slave, our maid servant, (who spoke bad Arabic, and equally bad French and Italian, but still was very useful as a linguist,) our dragoman, four of our own family and the governess. We had been warned not to construe compliments into realities, and expect the performance of promises. All that we asked was done for us in the most complete manner, and all that was promised was fulfilled in the most ample and princely manner, and with a steadiness of purpose I did not at all expect.* Letters were attended to promptly, and no trouble was spared to show us attention and kindness; everybody was kind to us. At Alexandria there were Captain and Mrs. Lyons, Mr. and Mrs. Sanders, Bell, Larking, Mr. Galloway. At Cairo, The Hon. C. Murray, Captain Murray, Mr. and Mme. Barrot, Major Hunter, Captain Wells, Sir R. Arbuthnot, Mr. Money, Mr. and Mrs. Lieder, Mr. Lewis, Colonel Mary, Dr. Abbot, Hanaphi Effendi, and many others. We met with politeness everywhere, by land and by water; gratitude, too, from the poor sailors, upon whom my medical (don't laugh) and surgical skill was exercised to very good purpose, for the patients were cured.

M. A. A.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

The Marquis of Northampton's first *Sovrie*, on Saturday, was crowded by an assemblage allied to the highest rank, literature, science, and fine arts of the country, such as it would hardly be conceived possible to collect together under one roof. The social and intellectual intercourse, cherished by the courteous attentions and leading intelligence of the noble President, afforded a very gratifying contemplation; and the objects of various kinds displayed in the rooms furnished plenty of subject matter for curious inquiry and instruction. Printing by electricity; an exhibition of remarkable creatures obtained from the bottom of the sea on the northern shores of Scotland, by dredging, during the months of June and July, 1847;† Mr. Joseph Durham's splendid bust, and perfect likeness of

* It is forbidden to take antiquities of any sort out of Egypt, munificently especially. They can only pass, as every thing is searched before leaving Alexandria, by an order of the Council, signed by Mahomet Ali himself, which he has refused those most in favour; yet even this was accorded to us.

† These were admirably preserved by Mr. Goadley, and the novelties will, we were told, be fully illustrated by Professor E. Forbes.

Jenny Lind, and also Mr. Cheverton's reduction of the same in alabaster; an original and unknown portrait of Sir Isaac Newton, *etat. sue 64*, 1706 (the year, by the way, after his knighthood by Queen Anne). It belongs to Mr. Grave, of Lymington, and is a fine intellectual head, freely painted, and like the well-known engraved portraits. A double chin appears loosely sketched in below the right cheek; the countenance being turned a little in the contrary direction. It was formerly in the collection of a Major Walker, and is attributed to Gandy, but James Gandy died in 1689, seventeen years before, aged 70—we must therefore seek another hand for this work—at all events, it is full of characteristic expression, and is a very interesting portrait; also some illuminated church carols of the 12, 13, 14, and 15th centuries, from churches in Syria, Italy, and the Greek Archipelago; specimens of glass from Pellatt's; and some fine examples of crystallized Venetian manufacture; a clever model for a bust of Dr. Smith, the geologist, by Mr. Noble; many remarkable mechanical and industrial improvements attracted the company; but it was difficult to thread the way through "the masses" to get a sight of them. Hatching by steam was one of the favourite spectacles, whence Ducks waddled forth as if from the Stock Exchange and Chickens leapt *ab ovis*, promising abundant supplies for the refreshment tables of future Evenings. The worthy President of the Royal College of Physicians advised a friend to go and be hatched; to which he answered that as he had not consulted him or any of that learned body, he had not yet got a Shell! Near midnight the lower apartment, where wines, ices, &c., abounded, was so full that entrance was denied to any but the famished philosophers who might have dined early and were resolute for a supper-snack; which not being our case, we cannot report upon the viands consumed. No doubt they were in their usual abundance and of their usual excellence. But, to speak more seriously, these "re-unions" are of great value and manifest importance to the Literary and Scientific World, and we hope whoever may succeed the noble Marquis in his elevated office, will remember and follow his liberal example.

THE THREE GLORIOUS DAYS OF LONDON.

(Notes—From a Correspondent.)

"From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step."

The alarm of the capital has been prodigious. The mob behaved so rudely that the police were called out, and the mob-caps, generally attached to them, were kept within doors.

On Monday, Mr. Charles Cochrane's Soupers and Minors showed in great force; but our patriotic friend remained in the kitchen till they were served out in another way, and thus saved the expenses of the day.

Consternation was created about two o'clock p.m., in the vicinity of Saint Martin's Workhouse, by a complete revolutionist, surrounded by a vociferous multitude, and threatening never to stop, without strong and forcible interference from the adjacent barracks. It proceeded from a street mountebank, and consisted in his balancing a trencher on the top of a spiral, the bottom of which rested on his chin. The rapidity of the revolution was wonderful, and the shouts of the crowd terrific.

There being, generally, nineteen little boys to one adult in twenty of the mob, the Police were ordered to provide themselves with horse-whips to use, where truncheons would be inadmissible—nay, monstrous. But as the noisy brats usually dispersed when the Police looked at or moved towards them, the whips were not called for.

Precautions.—Madame Warton and the heroine of the Hall of Rome were kept ready mounted

on their wooden and real horses, to charge at the head of The Buffs, if needed—to captivate the ringleaders, and send them to Coventry.

Laurent's Casino and the Casino of Venice were closed, from a dread that, by any possibility, improper persons might find their way into their decorous and virtuous precincts.

Fire and Parish Engines wherewith to play on the Unwashed for the benefit of all classes, were unfortunately omitted. The cleansing of this numerous body gratuitously, and saving the cost and trouble of the Baths and Wash-houses, need not be dwelt upon.

The fountains and basins in Trafalgar-square were discovered to be of some use—in ducking policemen when they could be caught singly and hustled into the water.

The Fine Arts were proved to be no more neglected during a revolution in London than in Paris; and great improvements were made on the base of the Nelson Column.

Free-trade in pocket handkerchiefs, purses, and watches was carried; and there is no doubt but the public at large will be able to purchase these necessities at prices far below what have hitherto been charged.

Vive Confusion!

N.B. All the shopmen, enamoured of short-hours, and the 'prentices kept up late at night to put up the shutters, shared in the universal joy, in consequence of the shops not being opened for the admission of the new customers. They intend to petition the Legislature to permit mobs twice or thrice a week, in perpetuity.

ORIGINAL

AND CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.
The Arctic Expeditions.—Sour Grapes.

WE re-assume the above heading of some remarks which appeared in the *Literary Gazette* a fortnight ago; in order to comment a little on the strictures thereon which have been, with the same effrontery we noticed before, adventured by our bold contemporary, whose first assault upon us we did not, as has been our wont for years, choose to pass over with contemptuous silence. The snarling dog will return to his vomit: we will try to make him sick of it, and at any rate furnish an honest public materials for judging between us.

The Mighty One calls us "Small Deer;" and we believe, in his own self-exaltation, really considers us to be so, and that his very small shot would bring us down—small shot, quotha! a puff of wind from an air-gun; a bounce at the beginning and a diffusion of thin air to the end.

The boast of No. 1048 is repeated, in the face of the twelve distinct pieces of information we contrasted with that mesgre statement; to which, in more than fairness, we allowed the last word, and quoted at length. It is, we all know, easy and natural as lying for our contemporary to brag; but it is not so easy to grapple with, and overthrow, truths. Consequently, when the twelve new facts of the *Literary Gazette* come to be handled, they are ingeniously reduced to three of the least consequence, viz., the date of Sir James C. Ross's commission; the teak wood of one of the ships; and names of the builders of both. Not a syllable is said of the other nine of greater importance; they are kept out of sight, for they are *Sour Grapes*. And having shown up the three most insignificant of our points, "I hope here be truths," quotes the ironical writer, to which we would simply add, "and the concealment of truths too." The immoral *suppressio veri* is but a less roguish trick than the direct *falsi*. It is next asserted that, "by a curious coincidence, it (*L. G.*) set out in *active search* for the same" intelligence which the famous No. 1048 (see *ADD.*) had supplied. This is merely an untruth, and sets up on a coincidence (what a curious one!) between November, 1847, and February,

1848—the coincidence of activity in a quarter of a year's journalism! But the real fact is that we did not set out in search of the information; and it was the seeking of our contemporary that brought it to us. And their misrepresentation they endeavour to mystify thus:—"All this supplementary information, however, our contemporary says we actually applied for. Now, how we managed to apply for the particular information unless we already knew it—and if we did, why we applied,—many will find it difficult to understand." So mis-stated, we have no doubt they will—for this or that particular information has nothing to do with the business. Their friend applied to obtain the latest intelligence respecting the Expeditions; he did not get it—we did. However they may equivocate, will they dare venture to deny this fact? If they do they may have proof, answer, and illustration, more than will be agreeable to them; and they would deserve it, for their senseless attempt at sneering about *paid* and *unpaid* contributors. We are described as "speaking of paid contributors as if the fact of payment were unsavoury to our palate;" our critic overlooking the fact that our objection was not to paid contributors, but to the paid secretary of the first scientific body of the country, becoming an eaves-dropper to obtain matter for any journal. But why should payment for contribution be unpalatable to us? No periodical of the kind can be carried on without necessary and considerable expenditure. The many thousands of pounds we have disbursed bear testimony to this. But it is also true that the *Literary Gazette* has had and has among its most valuable contributors, able friends, who consider its services to literature, science, and the arts, deserving of that unpurchasable support:—how many such as our snappish and ill-conditioned accuser had or deserved to have for his unceasing efforts to hurt and trample down the aspirations of Young Hopes and Opening Talents in every branch of intellectual industry and cultivation? And we will confess further that we have very often refused what he has afterwards accepted. In the unpalatableness of paying we have never employed or allowed a rival author or a competing artist to review and criticise the works of those they are anxious to supplant; nor have we ever surrendered our columns, with pay or without, to any contributors whose only task with the matter in hand was to try how many holes they could pick out, to show their impartiality, and clear the course for their own forthcoming performances. We have not gulled the public in this manner, whilst bragging of fairness and independence; but rather submitted, in the consciousness of justice and honour, to the impression, actively enough circulated, that the *Literary Gazette*, forsooth, is not just because it is too good natured. We deem it caustic enough when occasion requires it; and perhaps our contemporary may acknowledge that truism.

The next point to which we would advert, is the denial of the *Athenæum* being founded in imitation of the *Literary Gazette*, and the assertion that it was, on the contrary, set up with the direct purpose of avoiding its example. As the publication passed through several proprietors and editors before it came into the possession of the present staff, who can know little or nothing about it, we may laugh at this assumption, in spite of the remarkable likeness in every form and feature, and the close copying even to the present times of every new improvement which has been introduced into the *Gazette*. This servility has been quite ludicrous; and attended by other expedients neither so innocuous nor creditable. Witness the insidious endeavours for years to represent this journal as a mere tool of publishers—who never controlled a line of it; and one of whom, then a shareholder, bought into

the *Athenæum* to obtain the puffing he could not get in it, and lost a tolerable sum of money in the *rase*. "I hope here be truths," and another may be appended,—it was not till the notable device of selling at half-price was hit upon, that our Mighty Contemporary got out of the slough of despond and miserable failure. Looking at the feeling of the age, that was a canny step, and the inventor has our permission to be proud of it.

And in this happy temper we forgive him having made the damning discovery, that, in our preceding number, Macbeth was twice misprinted for Macheath (corrected by *errata* in our last), which he imputes to the ignorance of the reviewer, with his usual powers of reasoning, attuned to kind construction. For he could not conceive that a reader or corrector of the press, (and not a very theatrical one,) might double the first blunder by endeavouring to make the second agree with it.

There are composers who spell our words, "rough write them how we will," as every editor of a month's experience is too sadly convinced of, and if our readers turn to the *errata* we have mentioned, they will observe an error too obviously typographical to be fairly assigned to any other cause. An oversight so trifling, and easy of correction, scarcely required particular notice, had not our contemporary, unable to answer the *exposed* in our preceding number, with great glee turned his censure to this wonderful blunder. We can well afford to laugh at this piece of ingenuity, for, as a correspondent has written to us, "it is precisely that kind of petty artifice which will not deceive the public, even for a time. Trickery never answers in the long run, and a journal which boasts in every number of impartiality and fairness, but which is nevertheless, for the most part, written by violent partisans of various cliques, will not last for ever without being recognised in its genuine colours. It is not the honest man who considers it requisite to be constantly proclaiming his goodness to the world."

We also forgive him fancying that he has brought down "our wild goose in passing," whereas he had only ruffled a quill out of its wing; and we respectfully receive his advice not to indulge in "poetical speculations," as we do not wish in turn to become imitators, and would rather stick to our thirty years' course of feeling for struggling merit, or even mistaken and in-offending vanity, and of liberality, truth, and justice towards all. In this line if, as our assailants say, our facts may be small, still we would affirm them to be better than their *no facts whatever*.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

DEAR SIR,—The following relies of the weather-wisdom of our ancestors, may, perhaps, prove not uninteresting to a few of your many readers. Should these meet with your approval, and be considered worthy of a nook in the *Gazette*, I shall be induced to continue the series through the remaining portion of the year.

Yours, most truly,

M. A. D.

A peck of March dust is worth a peck of gold.
A windy March was never a good fish year.

On the 22nd of March, the day and night marches.
It's time to prepare the barley-seed when the plance-tree covers the crow.

He'll put over the borrowing-days.

March water is worth May soap.

Like March gowans, rare, but rich.

A bushel of March dust on the trees, is worth a King's ransom.

He has but a short Lent, that must pay money at Easter.

He who has money and caper, is provided for Lent.

Rejoice, Shrove-tide, to-day, to-morrow you'll be ashes.

The March sun causeth dust, and the winds blow it about.

Salmons and sermons have their season in Lent.

When Easter comes, Good Friday's near.

* Alluding to Ash-Wednesday, the 1st day of Lent.

When Easter falls in our Ladie's lap,
England some mighty harm shall hap.

When Easter-day falls in Lady-day's lap,
England beware of some mishap.

When our Lady falls in our Lord's lap,
Then let the clergyman look to his cap.

St. Benedict

Sow thy peas and beans,
Or keep them in thy rick.

Tid, Mid, Misera,
Carl, paum, good pase-day.

On St. Patrick's-day
Let all your horses play.

March water, and May sun,
Makes corn white and maids dun.

March hack ham, (Fuller gives *halkham*.)
Comes in like a lion, goes out like a lamb.

A peck of March dust, and a shower in May,
Makes the corn green, and the fields look gay.

March dust to be sold,
Is worth a ransom of gold.

On David and Chad,
Sow peas good or bad.

March yeans the lammir,
And buds the thorn;
But blows through the flint
Of an ox's horn.

March dust, and March wind,
Blanches as well as Summer's sun.

March borrows from April
Three days, and they're ill:
April borrows from March again,
Three days of wind and rain.

March many weathers, rain'd and blow'd,
But March grass never did good.

[We are much obliged by our friend Mr. Jewett (Headington, Oxford) for his Derbyshire variorum reading of the rhyme,

"Matthew, Mark, Luke, John,
Bless the bed that I lie on;"

but we have five or six copies, all with slight differences, and we think it hardly worth while to occupy space with them. The annexed note from our kind correspondent is, however, much more novel and curious.—Ed. L. G.]

"To-day being Shrove Tuesday, this village is quite busy with little groups of children, going from door to door, singing their doggerel rhyme of—

'Knock, knock, the pan's hot,
And we be come a shroving:
A bit of bread, a bit of cheese,
A bit of barley dooping,
That's better than nothing.
Open the door and let us in,
For we be come a pancaiking;
and then begging for half-pence."

THE DRAMA.

Covent Garden.—The Royal Italian Opera opened on Thursday with Rossini's opera *Tancredi*. The revival of this work is quite an epoch in the opera world, and it has been accomplished in a very perfect manner; the great pleasure afforded by its performance now, makes one wonder that so admirable a work should have laid so long upon the shelf neglected. Whether we look to vocal parts or the instrumentation, it is truly beautiful, and perhaps it has never been better executed in the ensemble than on this occasion. The cast was:—*Tancredi*, Mlle. Alboni; *Amenaide*, Mme. Persiani; *Argino*, Signor Luigi Mei; *Orbuzano*, Signor Polonini. In Alboni's singing we were somewhat disappointed; it lacked much of the energy and power which used to electrify the audiences when first she appeared, and though she sang the music with perfect correctness, we thought her acting and singing very deficient in expression. The *tanti palpiti*, so long a favourite, was very tamely done. Of Persiani's delightful performance, we cannot say too much in praise; every one of the beautiful bits was executed with a degree of finish and elegance perfectly charming. Of these, to mention some that excited the greatest enthusiasm, were

che ir mor, in the prison scene, and the prayer that follows, *Guis to dio*; but in the cavatina *ah d'amore in tal momento*, she created quite a sensation. It was a piece of the most sparkling and graceful singing in her own peculiar style. The new tenor Mei has some good points in his singing; but whether from nervousness or not, sang frequently out of tune, which unfortunately spoiled a good duet with Alboni. The band was magnificent; the overture was finely played and encoired; the accompaniments were throughout carefully done; that, when the news of *Tancredi's* victory is brought to *Amenaide*, so remarkable in its construction and effect, was admirably rendered. The oboe passages were taken with rare sweetness in the introductory music to the second act, which gave a fine effect. The celebrated chorus, *Regna il Terror*, came off very successfully. The mounting of the opera is excellent; the scenery is especially good, the desolate spot in the mountains of Syria, which we presume is a view, is really a fine picture.

Drury Lane.—The *Cirque National de Paris* has at last taken the place of the National Drama at "Old Drury," and the legitimate must own that he is trampled under foot, fairly beaten out of the field, and off his native boards. Luckily he has found refuge in Minor houses, where ample justice has been, and is being done to him. Much as we regret his utter banishment from this theatre, we must admit the extraordinary abilities of the rivals who have replaced him, and who commenced their career on Tuesday evening as *voltigeurs*, graceful and dare-devil riders, clowns, globe-evolutionists, transformationists, and a heap of other occupations with very hard names, incomprehensible in English, and quite un-understandable in playbill French. We have only to repeat that the company generally display great talent in their peculiar art, that some of the performances are extraordinary, and our regret that some more appropriate arena than the theatre-royal Drury Lane was not found for their exhibition and display.

Marylebone.—Mr. Charles Selby has certainly a very remarkable talent for populating unknown regions with female warriors. It is not long since we had to record the appearance of a large regiment of ladies in steel armour, enlisted from the mermaid at the bottom of the sea, and on Monday, in his new extravaganza of the *Enchanted Tower*, produced at this house with more than the distinguishing care and attention in every department connected with the mounting, which have marked all the catering of the present management, he introduced us to a corps of rifle-women in the neighbourhood of the moon, and their evolutions were gone through with as much precision as if they had been drilled by a mundane sergeant of a marching regiment. For the rest, we have only to say, that there is much talent in the dialogue, many happy hits at topics of the day on the part of the author, and that the actors and actresses conveyed his meaning to a large and well-pleased audience with great judgment and ability; in short, *The Enchanted Tower* is just the sort of piece that was wanted here, as a finale to the performances, and with its principal parts admirably acted by Miss Saunders, Miss Parker, Miss Huddart, Mr. H. Webb, Mr. Hance, and Mr. Cooke, must long be an attractive entertainment. The parodies of popular songs were charmingly given by all the performers we have named, and the whole went off as successfully as it deserved. It is another feather in Mr. Selby's cap.

M. Thalberg's Concert, at Exeter Hall, on Monday evening, was attended by between two and three thousand auditors, who seemed determined to give this wonderful pianist a hearty welcome, after his three years' absence from England, even if at the cost of losing some of the music, for the preliminary overture was

nearly lost in the uproar attendant upon the admission of too many into the over-crowded area, where not finding space to hold them, some of the more turbulent overleapt the barriers and created some confusion in the reserved seats. In addition to M. Thalberg himself, the programme contained the names of Mesdames Thillon, Wallace, Miran, Bassano, Williams, and Messrs. Reeves, Williams, and Ciabatta; the band, a most excellent one, was led by Mr. Willy and conducted by M. Benedict. Of course the feature of the evening was the performance of M. Thalberg on the piano, and it cannot be denied that he produced novel and most astonishing effects from the instrument; his *fantasia* on subjects from *La Sonnambula* was a marvellous piece of execution, but sometimes the airs were lost in the excess of scientific variation; the *capriccio* on the serenade in *Don Pasquale* was played with much brilliancy, delicacy of touch, and thorough knowledge of the capabilities of the piano; M. Thalberg's third and last performance was from *Don Giovanni*. To the scientific ear it must have appeared wonderful, but to the musical and not scientific it was perhaps overlong; still the whole playing exhibited excellencies which must convince the most sceptical that M. Thalberg is quite the first of executive pianists. Madame Thillon was encoired in both her songs, and most deservedly; the ballad, "From the green waving woods," was not only beautifully warbled, but accompanied by most fascinating action: it was a gem. Miss Bassano won great applause by her beautiful rendering of "In questa tomba" (Beethoven). Her sweet voice was perhaps never heard to greater advantage, and the finished execution at once indicated the perfect musician. We may not go further into detail, but all were excellent; encores were numerous, and the concert altogether a most delightful one.

The Royal Academy of Music had its first concert for the season last Saturday; commencing with parts of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, a strange, heterogeneous, ill-performed mixture, and concluding with a miscellaneous selection. The orchestra was presided over by Mr. Lucas as director, and Mr. Sainton as leader. Two pupils, Mr. Alfred Gilbert and Mr. Whitehead Smith, distinguished themselves on the occasion as promising pianists.

The Anniversary of the Drury Lane Theatrical Fund, is, we observe, announced for next Wednesday week, and with a host of attractions. Jullien is to conduct the music, and Sims Reeve, Whitworth, the Weisses, Miss Birch, and Miss Miran are among the promised vocalists. A treat of this high order, with the good Duke of Cambridge presiding, will doubtless attract such an assemblage as the Charity desires to court.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE DAWN OF LOVE.

O love! young love! How sweet, how dear!
Thy first fresh morning hour,
When blush and sigh and smile and tear
Foretell thy growing power!
Thy noon may be more warm, more bright,
When every cloud's withdrawn;
But, oh! give me the veiled rose light,
The doubtful light of dawn!
The mountain tops seem twice as high,
The valleys fairy ground,
While twilight, mingling earth and sky,
Shed soft enchantment round.
Romance spreads forth her misty arm—
But when the shadows flee,
And all is truth, oh! half the charm
Flies with the mystery!
So e'er the heart Love's rising sun,
A tender glow doth pour,
A witching spell, which, once undone,
No art can e'er restore!
A glance then only thrills us through;
A touch electrifies!
We feel a joy so sweet and new,
It can but speak in sighs!

ELEANOR DARRY.

THE SIREN'S SONG.

Come rest thee here by the sparkling tide,
Lone is thy path through the valleys wide;
Oh rest, for the parching sun rides high,
The springs of thy fainting land are dry;
And grieve no more o'er the fragile flowers
That fall in those sultry groves of thine,
The Ocean Maids have unfastened bowers,
Where every path is an emerald mine.
The rose thou lovest shall yield thee there
A lustrous wreath of the ruby rare!
And many a pearl from its crystal cell
Enrich thy brow for the lily's bell!
Then dwell no more in the woodland wild,
Come to the Sea-Maid's home, fair child!
Why wilt thou linger, our sister dear?
Bride of the Ocean, oh! what is thy fear?
If you black speck in the heaven it be,
The storm and the cloud, love, seek not these.
But turn the light of those dewy eyes
Hither again to the Western Isle!
Our god forsaketh his throne, the skies,
And glides the deep with his rosy smile!
Ay, ever thus at the twilight hour,
Doth that bright being resign his power!
He foldeth the weary wing to rest
And sinks to sleep on the water's breast!
Then leave thy cot for the sparry cave,
Hither, fair girl, to our home, the wave!
Still dost thou tarry? Oh, maiden bright,
Day hath departed! 'tis starry night!
Look up, sweet one, in the moonlight pale,
Whose is yon bark with its black'ning sail?
Where is the power to hold thee now!
Thy feet are treading the golden sand!
That vision of light is thy lover's prow,
Come back at last from the stranger's land!
And his eager arms are held apart
To fold thee here to his faithful heart.
*Ha! thou art ours, the charm is done,
Fair flowers, bright stars, and thou radiant sun,
Hide ye for ever beneath the wave,
Love leads the way to our home, the Grane!*

MARIAN.

VARIETIES.

Municipal Eloquence.—About the middle of the last century, a mayor of Cambridge published a notice worded and punctuated as follows:—"Whereas a multiplicity of dangers are often occurred, by damage of outrageous accidents by fire we whose names are underfixed have thought proper, that the benefit of an engine bought by us, for the better extinguishing of which, by the accidents of Almighty God may unto us happen, to make a rate, to gather benevolence for the better propagating such useful instruments."

Hydro-Incubation.—M. Cantelo's process for hatching eggs by means of hot water is likely to be severely tested by a trial upon five Emu eggs, from the Zoological Society. The colour of these eggs is sap green, with stains of a darker hue. Their general size is somewhat above 13 inches, by somewhat above 10 inches, and their weight varying from 16 to nearly 19 oz.

Rector of Marischal College, Aberdeen.—Lord Robertson, Judge, Poet, and Wit, has been elected by a majority of the nations to this honour. Mr. B. Disraeli, was proposed by a party of the Students.

The Printers' Pension Society, at its general Annual Meeting and 26th election on Monday, received a very favourable report of the state of the Society from Mr. Hodson, the Secretary. The funded property had been augmented by £250, and now amounted to £5014, odd. S. Hedgeland, John Case, John Rowe, T. Reeves, Clarissa Friend, W. Hildyard, Jimima Bullock, Elizabeth Campbell, and Elizabeth Arudd, were elected, by votes between 5017 and 1682. The Marquis of Northampton has consented to preside at the next anniversary. It is very cheering in these days to see so excellent a charity holding on its way in so comforting and prosperous a manner.

Phosphate of Lime in Surrey.—Professor Way it is stated, has detected from 40 to 60 per cent. of earthy phosphate in the nodules of the green sand of Farnham. The fossils of the green sand of this locality, it appears, are penetrated with phosphate, and not as usually with carbonate of lime. We congratulate the Surrey Farmers on the acquisition of such valuable manure.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Arnold's *Eloge Ovidiana*, 7th edition, 12mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
Ayeret's (Rev. W., A.M.) *The Jews of the 19th Century*, 2 vols, cloth, 6s.
Ballons (A.) on Christian Nonresistance, 18mo, cloth, 1s.
Bulwer's *Works*, cheap edition, vol. 1—"Rienzi," post 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
Book (The) of Sentiment and Song, 18mo, cloth, 3s.
Bickersteth's *Church and Village Psalmody*, 32mo, cloth, 1s.
Butler's (Chas.) *Guide to Geography*, 18mo, cloth, 1s. 6d.; with maps, 2s.
Bennett's (Rev. W.) *Principles of the Common Prayer*, fep, cloth, 5s. 6d.
Corney's (Miss) *Rome*, 12mo, cloth, new edition, 3s. 6d.
" " *Play Grammar*, 12mo, cloth, new edition, 1s. 6d.
Cheever's *Lectures on Bunyan*, 12mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
Crow's (Ed., M.A.) *Plain Sermons*, 12mo, cloth, 2nd edition, 3s. 6d.
Case (The) of Dr. Hampden, Official and Legal Proceedings, 8vo, sewed, 5s.
Colenso's (J. W.) *Miscellaneous Examples in Algebra*, 12mo, 2s. 6d.
D'Aubigne's *Protector*, 3rd edition, 8vo, cloth, 9s.
Dering's (Mrs.) *Gatherings from Scripture*, 32mo, cloth, 1s. 6d.
Dick's (Thos.) *Philosophy of Religion*, 12mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
Erman's *Travels in Siberia*, translated by Cooley, 3 vols, 8vo, cloth, forming vols 2 and 3 of *World Surveyed*, £1 11s. 6d.
Fagan's *Life of Daniel O'Connell*, vol. 2, post 8vo, cloth, 6s.
Fraser's (Rev. J.) *Spiritual Progress*, 18mo, cloth, 2s.
Gray's (James, Esq.) *Adventures of an Aide-de-Camp*, 8 vols, post 8vo, cloth, £1 11s. 6d.
Half Sisters (The) by author of *Zoe*, 3 vols, post 8vo, cloth, 18s.
Hannett's (J.) *Art of Book-binding*, 4th edition, 12mo, cloth, 4s. 6d.
Harding's (Lieut-Col.) *History of Tiverton*, 2 vols, 8vo, cloth, 21s.
Herschell's (B. H.) *The Mystery of the Gentile dispensation*, 12mo, cloth, 4s.
Loss and Gain, 12mo, cloth, 6s.
Middleton's (J.) *Astronomy and Use of the Globes*, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
Modern Painters, vol. 1, new edition, 8vo, cloth, 18s.
Monro's *Catholic Library*, vol. 3, 1s. 6d.
Nourani in Egypt and Syria, 2nd edition revised, fep, cloth, 6s.
Oliver's (Dr.) *Mirror for the Johannite Masons*, 16mo, cloth, 5s.
Oriental Album, letter-press by J. A. St. John, folio, £5 5s.
Patterson's (R.) *Introduction to Zoology*, part 2, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
Price's (B.) *Differential Calculus*, 8vo, cloth, 12s.
Ross's (Rev. J. C., M.A.) *Reciprocal Obligations of the Church and Civil Power*, 8vo, cloth, 12s.
Salmon's (G.) *Treatise on Conic Sections*, 8vo, 12s.
Short and Simple Prayers for Families, 18mo, cloth, 1s. 6d.
Smith's (Lieut-Col. C.H.) *Natural History of Human Species*, 12mo, cloth, 7s. 6d.
Smith's (Rev. G.) *Hints for the Times*, &c., 12mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
Smith's *Rural Records*, 2nd edition, 12mo, cloth, 4s. 6d.
Sommer's (J. V.) *Tables on Fluctuations in 3 per cent. Consols*, cloth, 21s.
Tate's (Thos.) *Principles of Geometry and Mensuration*, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy*, new edition, 1 vol, 12mo, cloth, 7s.
Tusser's (T.) *Some Points on Good Husbandry*, 18mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
Tytler's *Elements of Ancient History*, with Chronological Tables, 12mo, bds, 3s.
Wyatt's (Rev. G.) *The Anglican Reformed Church during the Rebellion in 17th Century*, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
Wylie's (Rev. J. A.) *Scenes from the Bible*, 12mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

DENT'S TABLE FOR THE EQUATION OF TIME.

[This table shows the time which a clock or watch should indicate when the sun is on the meridian.]

1848.	h. m. s.	1848.	h. m. s.
Mar. 11 . . .	12 10 8.7	Mar. 15 . . .	12 9 1.6
12	9 52.4	16	8 44.2
13	9 35.7	17	8 26.5
14	9 19.8		

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The publishing season, in spite of the political excitement, appears to be becoming more brisk. Besides the novelties reviewed in our present number, "The Half Sisters," by the author of "Zoe;" "Adventures of an Aide-de-Camp," by the author of the "Romance of War;" "The History of Prices," by Thomas Tooke; "Southey on Colonial Wools;" "Pope Pius, IX.," and other popular and important works, abide our earliest attention.

Lines on Two Swallows, from Manchester, already printed, are precluded from our original poetry.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Her Majesty's Theatre.

The Nobility, Gentry, Patrons of the Opera, and the Public, are respectfully informed that

A GRAND EXTRA NIGHT

Will take place
ON THURSDAY NEXT, MARCH the 16th, 1848.
When will be presented (second time in this country) Verdi's New Opera, entitled

ATTILA.

The principal Characters :
Odabella, Mlle. SOFIA CRUVELLI.
Foresto, Sig. GUIDONI. Elio, Sig. GUZZANI.
Ulmio, Sig. GUIDI. Leone, Sig. SOLARI.

Attila, Sig. BELLETTI.
After which, A DIVERTISSEMENT, in which will appear
Mlle. CAROLINA ROSATI, and Mlle. MARIE TAGLIONI.

To be followed by the SECOND ACT of ROSSINI'S OPERA,
Entitled

IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA.

Mlle. CRUVELLI, Sig. GARDONI, Sig. F. LABLACHE, and
Grand Ballet, in Four Tableaux, by M. PAUL TAGLIONI, entitled
Floris : et La Reine des Elfrides.

The Music composed by Sig. Pugnani; the Scenery (entirely new) by Mr. Charles Marshall.
Principal Parts by Mlle. CAROLINA ROSATI, Mediasse
ESTHER AUSSANDON, THEVENOT, JULIEN, LAMOUREUX,
JENNY, M. LOUIS DOR, M. DI MATTIA, MM. VENERA,
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Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets to be made at the Box-Office of the Theatre. Doors open at seven, and the Opera will commence at half-past seven o'clock.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN.

ON MONDAY NEXT, MARCH 14th, will be performed ROSSINI'S OPERA SERIA—

"IL TANCREDI."

Teneredi, Mlle. ALTONI; Orbasano, Signor Polinini; Argine Signor Meli; Ammirato, Mlle. PERSANINI, and Zenu, a Mlle. Bellini.
Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor, Mr. Costa.

To conclude with (for the third time) the new Ballet in one act, and Three Tableaux, entitled

"LA REINE DES FEUX-POLETS."

The principal characters by Mlle. Flora Fabiet; Mlle. Leopoldine Hraul; premiere danseuse of the Imperial Theatre at Vienna; Mlle. Celeste, Stephan, and Mlle. O. Ruyas; M. Silvana, and M. Bretin.

The Ballet composed by M. Appiani. The Music by Signor Bi-letta. The Scenery by Messrs. Grive and Telsin.
Admission to the Pit, &c.; to the new Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d. Entrance—The Boxes, Orchestra, Stalls, and Box-Stalls, can be approached either through the Grand Entrance in Bow-street, or through the Piazza entrance in Covent-garden. The Pit can be entered from the Piazza in Covent-garden, or through the lower entrance in Bow-street, in which a commodious Saloon has been arranged. The Amphitheatre and Amphitheatre-Stalls can be approached through the Piazza entrance in Covent-garden only.
The Performance will commence at Eight o'clock. Tickets, Stalls, and Boxes for the night or season to be obtained at the Box-office of the Theatre, which is open daily from Eleven till Five o'clock; and of the principal Libraries and Music-sellers.

CHRISTIE as NORMA, Jenny Lind in the character

of the Figlia del Reggimento, Edward the Sixth, the benevolent Pope Pius IX., Henry VII., and James I., the Heroic Hardings and Gough, the whole in new and magnificent dresses, got up for the present season. Open from 11 till dusk, and from 7 till 10 at night. Admission Is. Napoleon Room, 6d.—Madame TURSAUD and Baker Street. "This is one of the best exhibitions in the metropolis."—*The Times*.

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NOTICE TO ARTISTS.—All Works of Painting, Sculpture, or Architecture, intended for the ensuing EXHIBITION at the ROYAL ACADEMY, must be sent in on Monday, the 3rd, or by six o'clock in the evening of Tuesday, the 4th of April next, after which time no work can possibly be received, nor can any works be received which have already been publicly exhibited.

The other Regulations necessary to be observed may be obtained at the Royal Academy.

JOHN FRESCOTT KNIGHT, R.A., Sec.
Every possible care will be taken of works sent for Exhibition, but the Royal Academy will not hold itself accountable in any case of injury or loss, nor can it undertake to pay the carriage of any package which may be forwarded by Carriers.

The prices of works to be disposed of may be communicated to the Secretary.

ART-UNION OF LONDON, Incorporated

by Royal Charter. The Subscription Lists for 1848, will close on the 31st inst. Each prize-holder at the Annual Distribution, will be entitled to select FOR HIMSELF a work of Art as heretofore. Every subscriber will receive for each guinea an impression of "Gismondi," engraved by F. Bacon, after E. H. Wehnert, new printing; and a quarto edition of Milton's "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," illustrated by wood engravings, by thirty leading artists. Specimens of the engravings may be seen at the office, 4, Trafalgar Square, Feb. 15, 1848.

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To Profuse.
WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

LITERARY NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

The undersigned Gentlemen have given no authority to Mr BOQUE to announce their names as Contributors to a forthcoming periodical, called "Gleanings in London," and have no intention to contribute to that work.

March 7th, 1848.

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REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS OF THE

CLERICAL, MEDICAL, AND GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

Presented at the Annual General Meeting, held at the Society's Office, on Thursday, March 2nd, 1848.

Having, at the Meeting held in January 1847, presented to the Proprietors and Assured a very full account of the Society's affairs, your Directors have but little to communicate on the present occasion.

It may, however, be satisfactory to those now assembled, to learn that, notwithstanding the increased and active competition arising from the yearly establishment of many new Life Assurance Offices, the business of this Society still continues to advance.

In proof of this, it will be sufficient to state the following facts:—

I. The number of Policies granted on the Lives of Clergymen, a class of Persons generally distinguished for longevity, has been greater during the year ending June 30th last (the period comprehended in this Report) than in any one year since the commencement of the Society.

II. The Society's Income, which was £116,392 in the year ending June 30th, 1846, amounted to £129,936 in the year ending June 30th, 1847.

III. The number of new Policies issued within the year has been 215, and the amount Assured thereby £257,075; being an increase, both in the number of Policies and in the sum Assured, over those of any preceding year.

In conclusion, the Directors are happy to inform the Proprietors that the Society has not in any degree suffered from the great mortality which has prevailed of late throughout the Kingdom, the Claims, both in the course of the year ending June 30th, 1847, and also within the six months ending with December last, not having equalled either in number or amount those of preceding years.

Tables of Rates, and Forms of Proposal can be obtained (free of expense) of any of the Society's Agents, or by addressing a letter to

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ADVERTISEMENTS for insertion in the forthcoming Number of THE EDINBURGH REVIEW are requested to be forwarded to the Publishers before Friday the 24th, and BILLS by Monday the 27th of March.

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